

THE
WAR CRY
AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN NORTH WESTERN AMERICA

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FIRE ! FIRE ! TO THE RESCUE !

GOD'S TERRIBLE JUDGMENTS ON PERSECUTORS.

A Banker, a Newspaper Editor, a Lawyer, Two Storekeepers, and a Bank Clerk Receive a Fearful Reward for Persecuting the Army.

"The mills of God grind slowly, but they grind exceedingly fine."

"Whosoever shall fall on this stone shall be broken, but on whomsoever it shall fall it will grind him to powder."—Matt. xxi, 44.



In the town of P. a few years ago, a band of infidels and scoffers set themselves to work to annoy, and eventually, persecute our little band of Soldiers. They professed to be scandalized, and their feelings outraged by the beating of the drum, the clanking of the cymbals, and the shouting of the Soldiers on the streets. The singing of God's praises on the corner was to them only a cause for offense. Instead of a cause for rejoicing, a local newspaper, whose owner was the degraded son of a preacher, readily gave up the use of his columns to the scribbling of a poor, mis-guided bank clerk, who seemed to take pleasure in stirring up strife.

The Bank Manager

He professed to be hindered in his work by the noise on the street. The "Hallelujahs" of the praying and the marching were all too annoying for him to hear. A thoughtless candy dealer one night brought out a bunch of five crackers, and lighting them, threw the lot under the feet of the captain, who calmly went on with his work, and made no effort to escape him to herelf or injury to his clothing. A balliff was a close companion of the complainer. A man of means, acquired by the peculiar methods known to officials who distressed the poor and needy, and a rash, irresponsible lawyer, the son of a well-to-do Scotch parents, who was drifting into dissipation and godlessness, then began to bang themselves.

They outlined for some legal steps to be taken to stop this noisy band of Salvation Soldiers. For months the warfare was kept up. Every device of Satan was used to hinder the work of the Lord, but all was of no avail; the Army Corps was true to its vow, and persecution had no effect upon them.

At length the man who practiced law secured a seat in the Council, and soon introduced a by-law, cunningly framed on which, after long discussion, a vote was taken, with the result a tie.

The Mayor, to His Shame

and everlasting sorrow, voted for the by-law, and then the climax came. A young man, a relative of the mayor, and to whom he was indebted for pecuniary favors, was invited to bring about such a state of affairs as would give an opportunity to do the devil's work. This was done secured for the grocer, who many times before, with a spirited horse, purposely drove near the Army, in order to bring on a quarrel. The result was a complaint that his horse was frightened by the noise. A charge was laid before a magistrate, who was a willing tool, and a fine was imposed. Then the Captain considered unjust, and in default of payment she was

Incarcerated in the County Jail.

being conveyed there by the balliff. This story is given in brief, but the circumstances are all too well known to the Army. The petty persecution, annoyances, and insults were as nothing, because they were endured for the sake of our Lord and Master; but it was cruelly refused to send a cultured, noble-minded Christian lady to a common jail for such a petty offense.

She bore her suffering with Christian fortitude, but the strain was too much for her strength, her health gave way, and her nervous system was shattered. She will receive a crown of glory, but what of those who were the means of bringing on this scandalous persecution? "The mills of God grind slowly," but the details of their work in this case serve with them warning which is well for every one to note.

Here is the record up-to-date: The newspaper editor went deeper into drink and sin, and his paper, losing its reputation also, caused his business to drop off,

and he was forced to leave. The candy man's business also fell into decay, and he was obliged to close up. An affection of the brain seized him, and

He Died in Great Agony.

The grocer became bankrupt, set fire to his store, fled the country and has since been a wanderer, an Ishmael from his home and his family, whom the mills swindled. The banker proved to be a forger and a swindler. He stole the funds of the bank and fled in the night, leaving his wife and family, and although he escaped the clutches of the law, it has been only because the detectives have not been able to find him. The lawyer, too, robbed his clients, the widow and the orphans; his warmest friends and all who trusted him. He drank to excess, and sinking deeper and deeper into sin, he, too, fled the country, leaving those who had trusted him in distress and want.

The Bank Clerk Died a Bawling Maniac, and the Mayor, he, too, died, and his closing days were not too cheering. The remaining actors in the conspiracy have yet to be accounted for.

The Recording Angel has written all these events in letters of living fire. This story is all too true, but it shows us that "God is not mocked." He calls upon all men to repent, but it is well for every one to pause and consider what they are doing, and see to it that they do not have too much to regret. It was a question which none of these men in any way sought to retrieve until it was too late. What a sad, sad ending.

Do You Look Up?

I STOOD at the door this morning, looking up and down the street, when a man came along the walk and made the remark: "It looks like more rain!" I looked around at the buildings and down at the wet walks and roadway and in the light of the breaking clouds and a couple of electric lamps I would also, from the appearance of things, have said the same; but on looking up to the sky, I saw a difference! Stars twinkled down upon the earth as though to say: before the sun's brilliance drove them away. "Good night!" or "Good morning!" and the clouds were but a few feathery bits left, as it were, to break the monotony of the broad expanse of blue.

I wondered then if the man's spiritual condition was on the same line as his view of things on that street. How many of us Christians there are who look for SIGNS—in our circumstances, our joy or sorrow in our life as we work it out and forget to look up to the hills from whence cometh the power and blessing of God to all who are His?

"Jonas Lifted."

He is not down—though He came down and died, but in that death there is the lever that overthrows the Kingdom of Satan in the hearts of men and women—the Blood. Through that Blood we have given us the promised Comforter, the Holy Ghost. The mission of the Holy Ghost is what? To tell you to look around at the walls of men and women wet with the rains of inconstancy and failures, to look down at the roadway and walks of life wet with the rains of adverse circumstances, and your own past defeats? No! A thousand times No! We are reminded that we have a Saviour from all sin, defect or disaster. It reminds us we are no longer of this world or its circumstances. We are reminded that Christ arose and sits on the right hand of the Father, and ours is the Kingdom of God if we continue in the love we received as we knelt at the foot of Calvary's cross and pleaded with the Jesus that was crucified for an application of that precious Blood to cleanse our iniquities; and as we heard the answer, "Go and sin no more," we can realize we sin not at all, as we in faith look on His precious Arm and trust His power and look up, not down.

"LONGFELLOW."

MAJOR READ IN THE WITNESS BOX.

To me the happiest place in which to live spiritually is that place of the abode of God's people, where all Soldiers and saints love, while fighting, to gaze on a crucified King. I love to declare His love for sinners. His death, His passion. This spirit helps me to surge and triumph for Him. While not being able to stand at the very front, I am doing what I can to worry the devil with a sanctified pen-point.

"Glory to the Lord Who bought me,
Glory to Him saving power!
Glory to the Lord Who keeps me,
Glory, glory overmore!"

OLD VETERANS FIRE! FIRE!

JIM McILROY, Orangeville.



"My mother and father," says James McIlroy, "arrived in Toronto from Ireland on the 9th of July, 1882, myself being born three days later, on the 12th of July, 1882. The first day that seemed to darken my life and that left one black stain was when I was thirteen years of age. Oh, if it was not for the FIRST step, the first time partaking of the latter drink, and which was yet to bring into my life that bitterness which often led me to contemplate my own destruction! The next thing I remember is that fatal night is waking up and finding myself nearly frozen to death, lying in deep snow by the side of the stump of a tree, where some one had thrown me out of the way when he could no longer take care of himself."

"At another time," he says, "not very long after, I got drunk, went home, got a butcher's knife, put it into my mouth, saying at the same time, 'If there was a God, to kill me; I hadn't got the grit to do it myself.' Another time I went drinking all night, and coming home next day I lay down by the side of a church on the sidewalk. The pigs even came and were rooting me out of the sidewalk."

"During these seasons," he says, "I got married. The first death since my marriage was a baby. I had to go to town to make necessary preparations for the funeral. So strong," he says, "had the monster Devil Drink managed its victim, that the money intended to purchase the articles mentioned went into the saloon-keeper's till. I was taken home helplessly drunk, thrown on the bed, while on a board lay the little corpse of my child." "But," says he, "on the second Sunday in March, 1885, James McIlroy's name was registered in the Book of Life, and that night Heaven's bell rang out the glorious tidings of my Salvation."

"Through the instrumentality of the Salvation Army," Jim says, "I am to-day what I am."

"May God bless the Salvation Army!" is his testimony.

CAPTAIN PEACOCK.

When the Salvation Army opened for the town of Barrie, I, with several of my companions, went to hear them, and see for myself what kind of people they were. I was very much taken up with them, and went again and again. I was asked if I was "saved," and although I had been professing to be a Christian, the word "saved" seemed to go to my heart and set me thinking whether I was saved or not. Through the instrumentality of Captain Madden, I was led to see my backslidden state. I cried to God for mercy and forgiveness, and He again received me into His family. After a short time we invited the Captain to come to Stroud and hold Salvation Army meetings. He asked me if I could help him in the opening of the march. I said, "Yes," and from that time I have proved the power of God sufficient to keep at all times. I at once became a Soldier, and have been fighting in the ranks up till the present. We have had the joy of seeing some of our children saved and fighting in the great Salvation Army. Our motto is, Victory through the Blood of Jesus. Amen!—Captain Peacock.

Note by the Editor:—The Captain has omitted to say that he has a son in the field as Lieutenant, another son, Walter, has been employed in the Editorial and the Business offices at Headquarters for the last two years, and is also a Local Officer of the Junior Soldier War. Florence, the Captain's daughter, is also a prominent worker amongst the Juniors.

FIRE! FIRE!

(See frontispiece.)

The flames have caught the window-shades, and there is a glare of light into the big street. A thousand throats cheer as the firemen dash up the ladder, and, axe in hand, deals blow after blow at the framework, and disappears into the interior of the burning house. The heat grows fiercer, and the occasional fall of rafter and support sound like the report of a huge cannon. Silently the crowd waits, but later on bursts into cheers as the brave fireman appears, bearing a precious human freight.

Why has he devoted his life? Simply as a matter of duty.

Are there no fires from which you ought to be rescuing men and women? They are perishing in the flames of sin. They care nothing for it, and are even careless as to whether they are saved or not. It will not be an easy task to rescue them. They will buffet and repulse you; they will slander and misrepresent you. Many other "firemen" may be half-hearted, and say, "Leave them in the flames to perish as a result of their own foolishness."

But your duty is to rush to the rescue.

Do you say that you see firemen loitering away the time in a score of petty ways, taken up with their own homes and prospects, and education, rather than concerned about the fire? What then? It does not alter your own plain and simple duty. If you are one of God's firemen, we be unto you if you neglect that duty.

Thousands of such firemen are at work daily. They rescue thousands from the flames. No crowd cheers them for being so daring. Nay, if only they will slacken, or if they will be content to be the men who call them fanatics and trouble-makers of the people. They love the fire of sin—utterly reckless of its devouring results.

Now, will you be one of God's firemen?

You say you cannot be an Officer? That depends upon your personal circumstances. It is between yourself and God. But you can have the rescuing spirit, whether you are an officer or not. There is no monopoly in soul-saving. Rise up in your own town, just as you are, and say, "By the grace of God, and in spite of the unconcern and coldness of people around, in spite of their doubts of the thousand things that have nothing whatever to do with their business as firemen, in spite of the fact that my devotion may shame their neglect and arouse their hatred—here goes to be a fireman—or firewoman—for God and souls."

TRY A PICK-ME-UP.

Are you white-hot?
Dare to stand alone.
Show piety at home.
Love is bound to win.
Bless them that curse you.
Jesus doeth all things well.
Blessed are the pure in heart.
Too much talk destroys piety.
Dare you distrust God's care?
After the storm comes the calm.
When you reach Canaan, stop there.
The eve that guards me never sleeps.
The way of the Cross is the way of light.

Is the life of Christ manifested in your life?
I will bless thee, and thou shalt be a blessing.
We are made clean by washing, not by growing.
The day thou art beginning is perhaps to be thy last.
Much Bible without prayer—soul profits very little.
The thing which before God you ought to do—do that!
Wouldst thou prosper? See thou hast God with thee.
What sort of time did you have on your knees this morning?

Men never eat the fruit of forbidden trees without wanting to give to others.
Ten per cent. of your money certainly belongs to God. Do you really see that He gets it?

"I'm not going to leave it till they kill the last dog in the street of their last gun," said Matchett to his chum, when he first attended the Army school, when he was a boy of eight years ago. He's an S. A. gun himself now, of no small-sized calibre either. You ought to have heard him at the Temple one Friday night!

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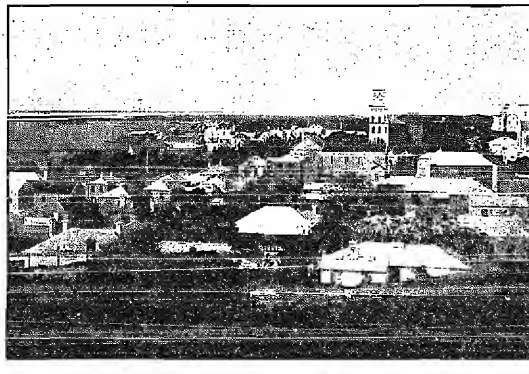
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HAMILTON, Bermuda (the Extreme East of our Territory).

MAJOR PUGMIRE,

The New Master, Gets Quizzed by
the War Cry.

The Army in Britain—Old Friends—A
London Division—J.S. Galore.

(War Cry).—"Good morning, Major. You
thousand welcomes to our Territory. May
your coming here be the beginning of an
era of unparalleled prosperity for you,
and the work to which you are called.
Was there anything of interest to Salva-
tionists occurred on the passage out?"
(Major Pugmire).—"Thank you for your
hearty welcome. I am hopeful God is
going to give Mrs. Pugmire and myself
some glorious triumphs in our new com-
mand. Nothing of unusual interest oc-
curred on the passage out. We came
out in full uniform, and the passengers
and crew were most kind and respect-
ful. The storage passengers pleaded with
us to have a meeting with them, and
in response to the Captain's request,
I took the position of organizer at the
church service in the saloon."

(War Cry).—"How goes the war in the
land of the Army's birthplace? Does it
compare favorably with the advances
of by-gone days, and what do you think
of the future prospects of the Army
there?"

(Major Pugmire).—"The Salvation Army
in the Old Country is, on the whole, in
a good position. We are now on the bat-
tle-
rock. A great hammer alongside
amongst our people for the souls of
others, and while this exists our glorious
Army will be all right. The prospects
for the Salvation Army there are glorious
if we hold on to our first principles."

(War Cry).—"Did you see any of our
old friends over there? How are they?"
(Major Pugmire).—"You I have met
with several. Commissioner Combs, for
instance, who has just taken hold of the
British command. I have met with others.
He is still a man of fire and love of
souls, and wherever he goes there is a
general spiritual earthquake accompa-
nying him. Then, too, I have met with
Messrs. Jagger and Spooner. Both are
still in love with you all, and I don't
think it would be a cross for either of
them to return."

(War Cry).—"If I remember rightly,
you are a veteran in the War. Now,
how many years have you had in it? It
gives us a brief idea of your career. You
have the honor to be, I believe, a man
who has risen from the ranks?"

(Major Pugmire).—"I have served un-
der the flag between twelve and thirteen
years. I have done service in the States
as well as in the Old Country. I fought
under the Field Commissioner for about
four years in her last command (London).
I have been stationed at the Congress
Hall, London. We had a soldiery of
70, a congregation of from three to four
thousand people, and during our eleven
months there, we had thirteen hundred
at the penitential-form. We have been also
stationed at Recent Hall, Brighton, Con-
gress Hall, and Northampton J., which
rank amongst the largest and most influ-
ential Corps in the Old Country. My last
command was a Divisional Officer of
what is now known as the London South-
Western Division, where I spent the last
two and a-half years of my life. We had
22 Corps, over 3,000 Soldiers and recruits,
200 bandmen, hundreds of Local Officers,
and 47 Field Officers. We also had a
glorious work amongst the children.
Every Sunday afternoon we had 200 Can-
panies worked with on a special
over 1,500 children. Our final (year-end)
meeting was held at Cumberwell (an old
favorite hall) ground of the Field Com-

missioner's. Nearly 1,500 Soldiers and
recruits were present, and gave us a
good send-off, and we have come to our
appointed and with their prayers and well
wishes."

(War Cry).—"I rejoice with you over
the glorious send-off at Halifax. You
have hardly had time to see what
the War is like, but I hope you were
favorably impressed with your first meet-
ings?"

(Major Pugmire).—"Yes, God gave
us a good Sunday at our first
meetings in Halifax. Seven souls
were the fruit. I am impressed with the
great opportunity which my new appoint-
ment affords me. I love my Officers and
Soldiers, and I am in for doing my best
for Christ, the King of the Kingdom."

(War Cry).—"How are Mrs. Pugmire
and family?"

(Major Pugmire).—"Mrs. Pugmire and
family are fairly well, although the jour-
ney was a great tax upon her strength,
it being no light matter for her to cross
the ocean in winter with a baby only
several weeks old. Still we are here all
safe. The Field Commissioner has ac-
cepted herself to us, and it is a joy to
us to have her as our leader again."

(War Cry).—"On behalf of the War
Cry, I, metaphorically, thank you the
less gently, hold out to you the
hand of warm and hearty and cordial
welcome."

"Thanks, good-bye!"

"Oh, I saw, wherever did you see that
out of my face from, which appeared in
your column two or three weeks ago?
Surely this did not do me credit! Never
mind."

(Beloved Sir, that picture was copied
from the "Star" (Toronto), Ed.)

On the Tapis.

Augustus Onslow, of Lippincott, is re-
turning to England on account of ill-
health.

About twenty members of Headquarters
Staff were out Christmas Eve singing and
called at about all the homes of the
Staff and Children's shelter and Rescue
Home.

Ensign Morris accompanied the Com-
missioner on her trip with the Armenians
—St. John to Toronto.

The Life-boat Shelter gave a free din-
ner to about 200 poor men on Wednesday,
December 29th.

Major Gaskin specialized at Richmond
Street on Sunday.

The "devil" got saved at the War Cry
on Sunday, that is the War Cry print-
er's devil did. Praise God!

Santa Claus had a high old time at Lin-
pincott, with the Officers' children on
Wednesday, December 29th.

Adjutant Hughes, late of the Central
Province Band, is appointed to the Bar-
rie Corps and District.

Colonel Jacobs and the Editor rendit-
ed the watch-night service at the Tem-
ple.

Adjutant Moore, of Barrie, takes charge
of Riverside, Toronto.

Look out for a photograph of the twen-
ty-one Armenians.

Major Campbell had a fine meeting with
the Richmond Street braves on Christmas
night.

Major and Mrs. McMillan, Newfoundland,
have issued a very pretty Christmas
and New Year's card, with "God and
saints" for their motto.

Ensign Bookstead, Toronto, Rescue
Home, has been appointed to Whimber
Home.

Complut Howard, of Yorkville, has
gone to Chilleon on furlough.

Kalispell, Mont., Corps.

An Interesting Write-Up, by Mrs.
Capt. Gillette—Some Wonderful
Conversions—Many Drunk-
ards Seek Salvation.

The Kalispell Corps was opened Novem-
ber 28th, 1896, by Captain McIntosh and
Lieutenant Miller. The day was cold
and unpleasant, but, notwithstanding the
difficulties in getting seats, due to the
enterprise of Captain McIntosh and
Brother and Sister Pierce, the meeting
was held with hundreds on boxes for seats,
with a crowd of houses, and much of
the Holy Spirit's power.

The people came from far and near,
some coming fifteen miles to see the won-
derful novelty—the Salvation Army. To
almost all in the town it was the first
time they had seen the Army. The in-
terest was so great that that winter that
they had no trouble in making \$800 hall
and quarters' rent, and \$5 electric light
bill. From two to three hundred people
came every night, and best of all, souls
were saved. The first dozen who were
converted came into the Army—a cham-
pion record.

Among these very faithful workers were
Brother Lloyd, an old lady over sixty-
five, who was formerly a Methodist, who
carried "Old Time" in the march and
came for the first four months almost
every night, and Brother and Sister
Pierce, formerly leaders of an outpost
in Los Angeles, Cal. They put their
shoulders to the wheel right royally, and
to their credit, persistent effort. The
opening and success of the Corps is largely
due. Brother Pierce is now Sergeant-
Major, and Sister Pierce, Junior Sergeant.

The youngest member of the Corps must
not be forgotten, because she fits a very
big place, not only in the Corps work,
but in the hearts of the people—Little
Ethel Pierce, only four years old. She
sings very sweetly; is talking of putting
on a bonnet, and in Spirit seems to be
truly a child of God.

War Cry Sergeant Carrie Thoen, who
took a prominent place in the Corps' work,
is

Now in the Training Garrison.

The Corps moved in a few months to a
hall, which they did last night \$2 a month.
Lieutenant Miller was ordered to farewell
at the end of three months. She had been
a universal favorite with the people, and
it was with much sorrow that she said
good-bye to her first Corps. Lieutenant
Miller came for two weeks, and then
both the Captain and Lieutenant re-
turned. It was with undoubted pride
that Captain McIntosh looked upon her
little Corps of twelve tried and faithful
converts. The work had prospered, and
as she looked through the town where
sin did so much abound, she could well
say: "The Salvation Army has done a
good work in Kalispell, but it has a great
deal to do yet." Many who come to our
hall have not been inside of a church
for years.

The new Officers were Captain and
Mrs. McIntosh, who came March 25th, and
ready for any duty they might have to
perform. They found the two rooms pre-
pared for them at the back of the barracks
ready for them. For their four children and
themselves, so went out to a mill six
miles from Kalispell and got the donation
of some lumber to put in a partition,
making three rooms, which they lived
very comfortably for four months. They
worked hard to clear the Corps of debt.
With the help of God, having special
activities, and by using close economy,
they managed to pay off the \$50 indebted-
ness, beside keeping in very heavy run-
ning expenses, the hall rent being \$2 a
month. Praise God for His goodness to
His children who trust in Him.

For a month no one was brought to
Christ, and it seemed as if something de-
perate must be done. We had a half-
night of prayer, which proved to be

A Whole Night of Prayer.

God blessed us in a wonderful way. Two
hundred souls came to Christ, and many
others were deeply convicted of sin. One
young man, bound by the chains of a
fearful habit, had a hard fight with
the power of evil, but came from his seat
and almost rushed from the hall, because
he would not yield to Christ and could
not stand the stirrings of the Spirit
anymore. God pity him, who came very
near the Kingdom that night.

One of the two who were saved had
been a very hard drinker, and even the
night that he got up, had been under
the power of drink, but he had once
known the love of God, and with a deter-
mined decision to come back to his loving
Saviour, he came to the hall about twelve
o'clock saying, "I want to be saved."
God never turns such a seeker away;
and he had knelt but a few minutes at
the penitential-form, and he said, "I
am saved. I've got it! I've got it! I've
got it! I've got it! I've got it! I've got it!"
He had left his wife in the East a year or
more before. He now brought him a house

and sent for his wife and children. Praise
God for the united families and happy
homes! What salvation makes out of in-
felicity! He has proved a faithful
Soldier, and is willing to go wherever
God leads him.

Four Drunkards Sought Christ

while under the influence of drink during
the next few months, but drink led
them places. We trust they will not soon
forget our prayers and that Jesus will
bring them to Himself before it is too
late. During the four months' stay there,
thirteen sought and found Christ. One
more of these we must mention. He was a
Frenchman who had lived in and
around Kalispell for ten or twelve years
and engaged in many occupations, and
who now is a stock-raiser. No form of
sin had he escaped except crime. He
drank constantly, though never visibly
influenced by it. A song on the street:
"If you love your mother, meet her in
the skies," convicted him and made
him realize that if he was going to keep
his promise to a sacred mother he must
turn and go towards heaven. God heard
and remembered that mother's prayer,
and after many years brought the wan-
derer home. Some one said to him when
he told them he was saved: "You can't
pray." He replied, "I learned to swear
and drink. I guess I can learn to pray."
Glory to God be the debt.

We received orders to be in Spokane
during the Commissioner's visit in July,
so "road-hives" were sold, and the Corps
was left without Officers for a week. There-
fore the leadership of

Capable Sgt.-Major Pierce

and his faithful wife, the Corps got along
happily and succeeded in having good meet-
ings and having expenses during the
time. Mrs. Adjutant Phillips then came
for a short time. God bless the faithful
Kalispell soldiers who stood so bravely
at their posts through intense heat and
numerous mosquitoes. God will reward
them!

Captain Quent and Lieutenant Spoor
are now in charge of the Corps, and good
work is being done for Christ. Brother
Hodkins now has his wife with him on
the platform, and there is a happy home
in Christ Jesus—Mrs. Capt. Gillette.

WITH MAJOR and MRS. GASKIN

The Headquarters Staff Band at
Lippincott.

Lippincott had been favored with a
Musical Festival by the Band only a
week or two previous, so expectations
ran high when it was known that they
were coming for the week-end, led by
Major Gaskin.

They had been well-announced, and
cards had been printed to inform the
neighborhood of the attractions for the
day. Kneecrill proved a time of re-
freshing for all present. The morning
meeting was certainly a departure from
the ordinary. The Major was evidently
bent on avoiding anything that might
in any way resemble a "cut." Instead of
a lengthy dissertation by one preacher,
there were five different preachers, or
perhaps what is more to be preferred,
talkers. Their names and the subjects
treated were as follows:

Ensign Shon—"Sin."

Adjutant Morris—"What is to be
saved."

Ensign Dale—"What it is to be saved."

Ensign Morris—"What it is to be saved
and not satisfied."

Sgt.-Captain Horn—"What it is to
be satisfied."

The Major, concluding with some forcible
words, summing up all that had been
said. The results of this meeting were
three volunteers for the blessing of
a clean heart.

In the afternoon there was a good at-
tendance, the playing of the Band being
greatly admired. Six comrades were
sworn in under the old Flag, the Major
making the most of this incident to force
home the truth upon the hearts of all
present.

The evening meeting was the best. The
newly initiated "cut" of the "truth" again
the Major started right away with dis-
cussing with the usual preliminaries, the
change was good, as was easily seen and
felt. The prayer-meeting was a hard
fight, but Jesus conquered and two volun-
teers came to the penitential-form, many
others being deeply convicted. The thank-
s for the day were exceedingly fine. Praise
the Lord! The week-end's meetings
were good, and with the next visit of the
Major (with the Band, please) they will
be better, and may be the best.

ONE FROM ULSTER.

FOR YOU—WANTED AT ONCE!

Four Godly, consecrated young women
to offer themselves for the Rescue Work.
Write to Mrs. Major Read, Women's So-
cial Secretary, Albert Street, Toronto.

THE ARMENIANS AT HALIFAX.

Welcome to the Twenty-One Refugees at the Academy of Music—Tales of Suffering and Torture—\$313.16 Raised.

Major Pugmire, the new Eastern Provincial Officer, sends us the following, clipped from the Halifax Herald:

The Academy of Music was twice crowded to the doors yesterday at the meetings of the Salvation Army in aid of the twenty-one Armenian refugees whom the Army has brought to Canada. The audience did not attend out of mere curiosity, for they expressed their practical sympathy by contributing at yesterday's meetings the handsome sum of \$313.16 to aid these poor people in making a start in this country. The meetings were directed by Major Pugmire, assisted by Adjutant McLean and Staff-Captain Gaze, who made strong pleas on behalf of the Armenian strangers.

The refugees were nearly all quite young men. Many of them are intelligent and some well educated. Although exiled from their native land, despoiled of their possessions, and mourning the loss of many friends, barbarously murdered by the Turks, they are cheerful and hopeful of success in Canada. They are very grateful for the kindness of the Halifax people, and, above all, are eager to get to work.

Last night short statements were made by Alexander Osgundian, a student, 22 years old, Sarkis Haribabian, student, 20 years old, Georges Hetroian, 16 years old, and Karkor Kaulan, detailing some of the scenes of butchery and horror they witnessed in Constantinople. The latter, brother of the band, Captain Hianian, made an interesting address describing the life and customs of his people. He took refuge in the Church at Constantinople, which was saved by the Turks and saw women and children throw themselves into the flames rather than submit to the indignities of their blood-thirsty persecutors.

Major J. S. Pugmire, Provincial Officer of the Salvation Army for the Maritime Provinces, gratefully acknowledged the receipt of the following amounts raised and promised at the meetings in the Academy of Music yesterday in aid of the refugee Armenians:

Collections, \$117.57; amounts promised, \$22.50; taken at the door, \$118.88; donation to Adjutant McLean, \$10; collection at No. 1 Barracks, \$5.81, making in all \$313.16.

"NAPOLEON"

TIES A KNOT.

Traveller: "Good morning, Adjutant! You are like bad weather all over. And what are you doing here?"

Adjutant: "Doing? Doing everything! Meeting G. B. M., encouraging Officers, and getting people married."

Traveller: "And who is getting married now?"

Adjutant: "Well, this time it is Captain Harper, late of Guelph, to Sergeant-Major Shumaker, of Norwich."

Traveller: "And when did this take place?"

Adjutant: "On Wednesday, December 14th."

Traveller: "And who performed the ceremony?"

Adjutant: "Brigadier 'Napoleon' Martineau."

Traveller: "And what kind of a time did you have?"

Adjutant: "Time? It was a time and a half, and one long to be remembered. The Brigadier was in the best of spirits. Soldiers of rank took a great interest, it being their Captain, which, of course, added greatly to the success of the meeting."

Traveller: "How did the interested parties appear?—I mean the bride and bridegroom?"

Adjutant: "Appear? Appeared as if they knew what they were doing; and say: 'You should have heard them when it came to the 'I wills'! They were spoken in plain English.'"

Traveller: "They were not nervous, then?"

Adjutant: "No, indeed; that was out of the question. On being called out to sing a solo they heartily responded, and the solos were very appropriate to the occasion. The 'I wills' were in the best of all, and the bridegroom sang, 'Hallelujah, it is done!' which brought down the house."

Traveller: "And were there any other leading lights present?"

Adjutant: "Oh, yes! Your humble servant, who had to give an address on 'Married Life.' Bridget Scott was on behalf of single life, and was glad he was single. Bridget Green also spoke, and acted as best man. Brother Dawson and Sister Scott also gave some very sound advice."

Traveller: "Well, Adjutant, I suppose

THE FIELD COMMISSIONER, MISS BOOTH, AND The 21 Armenians at St. John, N.B.

MUCH AUDIENCES—VOLCANO OF SYMPATHETIC EMOTION—CENTENARY CHURCH CROWDED—MAYOR PRESIDED—FIELD COMMISSIONER GREETED WITH MARKED AFFECTION—EXTRAORDINARY FINANCIAL TOTAL,

\$625!

BY SPECIAL TELEGRAM TO THE WAR CRY.

COMMISSIONER'S visit St. John with band of Armenian refugees caused greatest excitement. Opera House packed to its utmost capacity twice Sunday. Deepest emotion and breathless attention as Commissioner pleaded the cause of this wronged and oppressed people as never before witnessed. Tears fell hot and fast all over that vast crowd. Especially was this the case when the Commissioner took by the hand the little escaped Armenian child and told of the massacre of her seven brothers. Four hundred dollars was generously and eagerly given in these two meetings. Centenary Church, the largest and best in the city, crowded Monday night—nearly two thousand people. Mayor presided. Leading citizens and ministers present. City stirred from centre to circumference. All hearts eager to help. Total results, \$625. Commissioner delighted. Commissioner's love for the people at St. John could be traced in her every sentence and the returned affection was loudly spoken in the repeated applause and shining countenances which greeted her presence at every meeting, and broke in upon her remark, "God bless St. John." Self am all alive and full of faith for the coming year.

MAJOR PUGMIRE



SALVATION FOR THE JEWS.

Mark Levy, a Converted Jew, Addresses a Great Crowd of His People—Hundreds Unable to Get into the Barracks at Hamilton I.

We have just had a Sunday's special meeting for the Jews of the city. Brother Mark Levy, a converted Jew, addressed the meetings, talking for his subjects: "Christ in the Old Testament," and "Why I became a Christian." Large numbers of Jews were present, and at the evening service we were packed out. Auditorium, gallery, platform, aisles, and every bit of standing-room taken up, and even then some two or three hundred people were turned away. Souls are being saved in almost every meeting. Crowds increasing. Soldiers all on fire, and victory is ours. To God be the glory.—Adjutant MacLenn.

Patience is the cheapest law, as temperance is the safest phylax.

No man is born into the world whose work is not done; there is always work, and to work without, for those who will; And blessed are the horny hands of toil!

FOR THE CHILDREN.

Miss Booth's Christmas Tree.

Officers and Shelter Children Have a Very Happy Time.

"God so loved . . . that He gave."

You SHOULD have been there. Didn't you know about it? Oh, my! but I did. And all us little toddlers went with our papas and mammas to—oh SUCH a beautiful Christmas Tree, given for the Officers' children and the little ones in the Shelter, (numbering, fourteen) by our Commissioner, Miss Booth. Why, do you know there were forty of us toddlers, and oh, ever so many papas and mammas—and some others they call "the young people." I think they're grown up, you know, only they're not married yet—that's what I mean. Like Staff-Captain . . . Oh, I forgot we mustn't mention names.

Well, the Christmas Tree was held in the Barracks at Ligonwood. There were long tables laid out in the shape of a U, and ever so many nice things on them. The Commissioner sat at the centre of the table at the head, and we filled up the other ends. Then we all sang grace, and I didn't look at the others so much for a little while, only I knew they were all very busy, nuts, apples, bread and butter and cakes attracted our attention very closely. Then when tea was over we all knelt down, big folk and little folk. The Commissioner started.

"Dear Jesus is the One I love."

And it sounded so sweet. I noticed that the Commissioner was quite charmed at the reverent attitude and expressions of some little ones. Oh, yes, it was ARE children we can pray. We clasped our hands, or clasped them, and many children had such earnest little faces and knitted brows I feel sure they understood it all, just like I suppose the big folk do. We had a game next, matching round chairs, while Ensign Berry played the piano. The Commissioner and Colonel Jacobs were, in it, and about a dozen of us children. All the rest of the visitors sat round the hall just like a big family party would do, and they DID laugh to see us play.

But the part that filled us all with wonder and delight was Santa Claus' appearance. Colonel Jacobs came into the middle of the Barracks and told us all to listen for the bells. Presently there was a tink-tink of bells, but it was not Santa Claus, it was a passing sleigh. We all listened again. Again came the sound of sleigh-bells—jingle, jingle, jingle. We expected his appearance almost breathlessly—but it wasn't him.

Then the Colonel cried "Here he comes," then the door flew open; there was such a great rattle and tinkling of sleigh-bells, and with a bound and a shout in came Santa Claus, loaded with presents. Of course, there were too many things given for me to tell you about them all, but you ought to have seen "little Katie" of the Shelter. She received first a doll. When Santa Claus with his long, white whiskers and big fur coat came towards her, her usually red little face brightened up, and she gave a faint smile of wonder and pleasure, but later on when Santa Claus called out her name a second time, and little Katie took into her own hands for her very self a pretty little purse, containing a cent. Oh, my! but her eyes did open wide, and she did just look happy. Miss Booth called us all round her, and prayed so earnestly for us; after this, then they gave some candles off the big Christmas tree, which was standing about twice as high as grown-up men, with its branches all loaded with good things and illuminated with the light from ever so many colored candles. Spending for the children, I can say we do appreciate the kindness of our dear Commissioner, not forgetting even us children this Christmas, and trying to bring joy to the hearts of the little orphans in the Institution and joy to us all. Then, too, I'm sure our papas and mammas are very grateful because you know it helps them to realize what we are really are, just one big, happy, loving family in the Lord.

LITTLE TODDLER, (pro. tem.)



CHILDREN SHOULD BE GOT TO REMEMBER THE LITTLE BOXES FOR LAZARUS.

THE RE

AT H.

A Report by Ad Namos and O Intelligent at Speaks Seven Fathers, Mothers and Relatives

The Armenians at of them speaks were others two, three at mass meetings Sun of Music, which doors, and raised was present, and bugs. I will give s one, also nice, occu halls from:

Alexander Osgundian, Constantinople.
Armenian, Kuant from Savoy.
Ohanness Bedrosian, Constantinople.
Antonio Merandian, 20, from Crete Island.
Parsogh Papazian, from Constantinople.
Sarkis Jurdishian, from Smyrna.
Ohanness Donlgia, Constantinople.
Philomen Minasian, Divrick; married, Stephen Melconian, Moscow.
Krikor Canavian, Egea.
Setrak Terzian, Amharce.
Zadik Makdoonian, Divrick; married, Nazaret Mooradian, Moscow.
Bogdanar Sahazian, ash.
Sattrak Aghjian, ash.
Markar Sarabian, Constantinople.
Joseph Zuhlian, from Constantinople.
Krikor Avilian, m

Children's Christmas Tree.

Children Have a Happy Time.

... that He gave" have been there. Didn't I? Oh, my! but I did. The odd ones went with us to—oh SUCH a beauty, given for the Office, the little ones in the (fourteen) by our Booth. Why, do you forty of us toddlers, my pupas and mammas they call "the young" they're grown up, you're not married yet—then, like Staff-Captain, just we mustn't men-

mas Tree was held in April. There were it in the shape of a big by nice things on them. sat at the centre of head, and we filled up there we all sang grace, at the others so much only I know they were apples, bread and butter, and our attention very in ten was over us all folk and little folk. The ted.

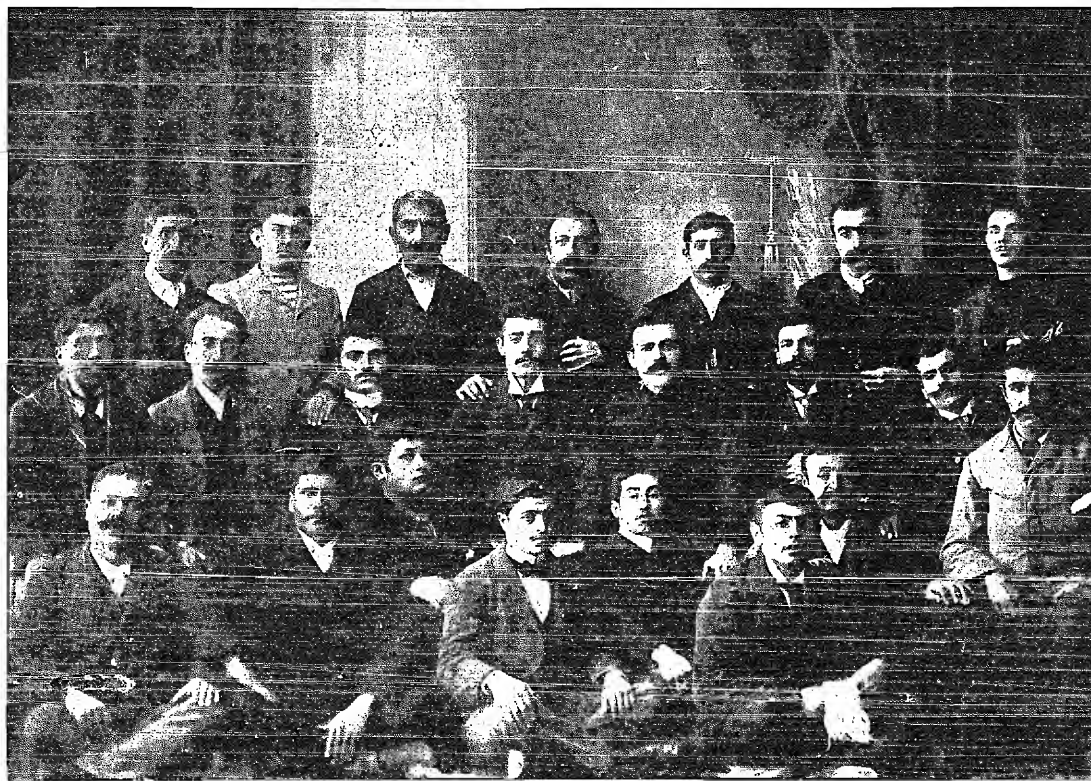
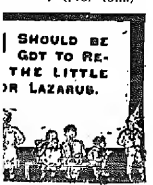
s the One I love,"

sweet. I noticed that was quite charmed at the and expressions of Oh, yes, if we ARE ray. We clapped our them, and many child-est little faces and radi-are they understood it pose the big folk do. next, marching round dan Perry played the missioner and Colonel and about a dozen of he rest of the visitors just like a big family and they DID laugh to

that filled us all with t was Santa Claus' ap-Jacobs came into the and told us all to t. Presently there was bells, but it was not a passing sleigh. We Afaia came to the and sle. Jingle, jingle. We arance almost breath-

and cried "Here he door flew open; there rattle and thinking of with a bound and a le Claus, laden with s, there were too many me to tell you about I ought to have seen the Shelter. She pe- l. When Santa Claus the whiskers and big yards her, her usually lightened up, and she of wonder and pleas-then Santa Claus called second time, and little her own hands for her little purse, continuing but her eyes did open just look happy. Miss round her, and prayed; after this. Then they off the big Christmas ending about twice as up much with the t with good things and he light from ever so lies. Speaking for the we do appreciate the our Commissioner not a children this Christ- to bring joy to the e children in the Indi- us all. Then, too, I'm nd mammas are very o know it helps them e all really are, just loving family in the

DETER. (pro. tom.)



THE TWENTY-ONE ARMENIAN REFUGEES

Who Recently Landed in this Country Under the Auspices of the Salvation Army.

THE REFUGEES

AT HALIFAX.

A Report by Adj. McLean—Their Names and Occupations—Many Intelligent and Educated—One Speaks Seven Languages—Their Fathers, Mothers, Brothers, Sisters and Relatives Massacred.

The Armenians are very intelligent. One of them speaks seven languages, and the others two, three and four. We had two mass meetings Sunday in the Academy of Music, which was crowded to the doors, and raised \$37. Major Puckett was present, and conducted the meeting. I will give you the name of each one, also age, occupation, and where he hails from:

Alexander Oskanian, clerk, age 22, from Constantinople.
Armenak Karamkian, waiter, age 21, from Savoy.
Ohanness Bedrosian, student, age 16, Constantinople.
Antonio Yerondides, merchant, age 20, from Crete Island.
Parsogh Papazian, shop-keeper, age 20, from Constantinople.
Spirides Brindislian, student, age 20, from Smyrna.
Ohanness Donigian, cook, age 20, Constantinople.
Philthos Ministan, porter, age 20, from Divrook; married, two children.
Stephen Melconian, tailor, age 20, from Moosh.
Krikor Chavvian, clerk, age 31, from Bagh.
Sotrak Terzian, druper, age 20, from Arshore.
Zadik Makdesian, porter, age 20, from Divrook; married, one child.
Nazmet Mooradian, hostler, age 20, Moosh.
Rocdnar Shughian, tailor, age 23, Mar-nish.
Salrak Ashjian, cook, age 18, from Mar-ash.
Markar Serabian, fireman, age 18, from Constantinople.
Joseph Zairian, rupper-smith, age 20, from Constantinople.
Krikor Avigian, moulder, age 27, Sivay.

Doyhos Hachavovian, baker, age 40, Kerpuz; married, three children.
Baghos Mangervian, carpenter, age 27, from Paboo, four children.
Garabet Bhatian, dry goods clerk, age 20, from Constantinople.

This party has suffered the loss of fathers, mothers, wives, children, brothers and sisters and other relations. In all they number

Forty Who Have Fallen Victims

of the bloodthirsty Turks. They have witnessed some of the worst massacres, but escaped with their lives. Some of them made their way to Marsellus, where the Army escorted them and sent them on to London, where they were also fed and sheltered by the Army until arrangements were made for their transportation here. I had the honor of meeting them and giving them a welcome to the land of the free, also caring for them, for which they feel most grateful. They are looking forward to the time when they will be settled.

A. McLEAN.

WINNIPEG.

Good times in Winnipeg, from 7 to 11 p.m. God blessed us; knee-drill a mighty time. Holiness meeting an outpouring; one soul afternoon; a God-glorifying time at night, a meeting filled with God's spirit and power; a God-glorifying time; four souls were found at Jesus' feet and got heartily saved. God bless the Winnipeg Command. They are workers.

Cadet Hublik.

HILLSBORO, N.D.

Praise God for victory! We wound up Sunday's fighting with one sister crying to God for mercy. Ensign McKenzie was there Tuesday and Wednesday with his Lancers. Our Self-Denial was a success. We hit the target, which was \$30. Our friends were very kind in helping us. The Soldiers all took an active part. Hal-lelujah!—T. Hanson, Cor.

REVIVAL AT HAMILTON.

Big times at Hamilton I, this week-end. Waves of Holy Ghost power, mighty con-viction. Sunday special for Intellectuals. Glorious Union: Grindel poked to the door. Fourteen seeking Salvation. Corps on the rise. Bigger revival expected. Wishing all a Happy New Year.
J. S. Maclean, Adjutant.

Important to Field Officers.

AN UNWORKED MINE.

Every one wishes to add to his list of special meetings anything new, attractive and yet thoroughly Salvation Army, and when this can be done with the fourfold result of helping the Officer, increasing the attendance, doubling the collection, and assisting Territorial Headquarters, it surely needs to be mentioned to be commenced this winter throughout the country. We propose to show how this can be done, either on Sundays or week-evenings at any Corps, small or large. The method of operation is as follows:

The Officer (O) to make himself thoroughly acquainted with the principles and the present position of the Social Scheme in general and the Territorial Social Work in particular, and to be prepared to state them intelligently from the platform.
2. Secure a "local light" to attend the barracks sit on the platform, and probably give \$5.00 into the bargain.
3. Meet the Light Brigade Local Agents in connection with the Corps, and through them issue written or printed invitations to their box-holders to be present at the meeting.
4. Send a few dimes on interesting advertisements, giving some idea of the nature of the lecture, and invite the religious and philanthropic people of the neighborhood.
5. Have the Light Brigade Agents on the platform, and have them explain the Social Scheme, and use them in the meeting.

6. Appeal not only for help for the Corps, but endeavor to secure the taking of a Grace Before Meat Box by every friend and outsider present, and send it to their box-holders to be present at the Free-will Grace Before Meat Agent.

The consequences will, in addition to those above, be many and far-reaching. Each outsider taking a Grace Before Meat Box will be permanently linked to the Salvation Army. Many a score of its present-day friends were made in this way. Thousands of new workers for, and

givers to the Social Scheme would be made from those who are now opposers through ignorance of what we are doing. And the Local Corps and its Officers must reap the benefit.

After practical experience, I venture to say to every Field Officer, "Try it, and see for yourself." It requires hard work to make it a success, but then what doesn't! Any further hints and suggestions will be gladly furnished upon application to Territorial Headquarters by

MAJOR J. READ.

OUR LOCAL OFFICERS.

A Sermonette on "Talking" by Secretary Caslin.

I was thinking what tremendous harm is done by the tongues of people, many professing Christians included. It is a restless evil, full of deadly poison. St. Paul says, "Let your speech be always with grace, seasoned with salt." This doesn't mean that we'll always be talking about religion, but whatever may be our conversation, let it be pure, that people may take note that we have learned of Jesus. We should strive to know what to do our tongue, Jesus kept silence under the greatest provocation, when He could easily have defended Himself against His enemies.

Jesus didn't stand up for his rights. Holy people will be criticized by the world and by half-hearted Christians, but the best way is to keep silence, as Jesus did, and go on with our good work. Lord, help me more than ever to increase in this wonderful grace! But there are times when we must speak out, as well as be silent, and rebuke, and correct wrongs, but we will need extra grace to do this. The Saviour denounced wrath, as well as kept silence. Lord, keep us from being harsh in our words! There is much room for kind words that comfort, and heal, and help, but no room for hate, foolish, and silly words.

Twelve girls comprise a Junior Christian Endeavor Society in an industrial school for girls in Toronto. Last year these children gave thirty dollars for missions, all raised by their own efforts. —Presbyterian Review.

THREE ARMENIANS

AT THE TERRITORIAL CENTRE

WAR & CRY

Toll Shocking! Story of a Prosperous Home in Flames and Seven Sons Murdered

middle-aged, man's face and sadness. The thing with a furtive eyes plexion. She constrained in when she re-

This reminds me of the lives of that race—the Aryans—to arrive at a new beginning. New York is

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Armenian p

The Syrian who had been taken by force. He came from the mountains. When he arrived and his accomplices were before an animal on which that

The substance of the Armenian residence of the in Zuzen (relation,) some This man he what answer

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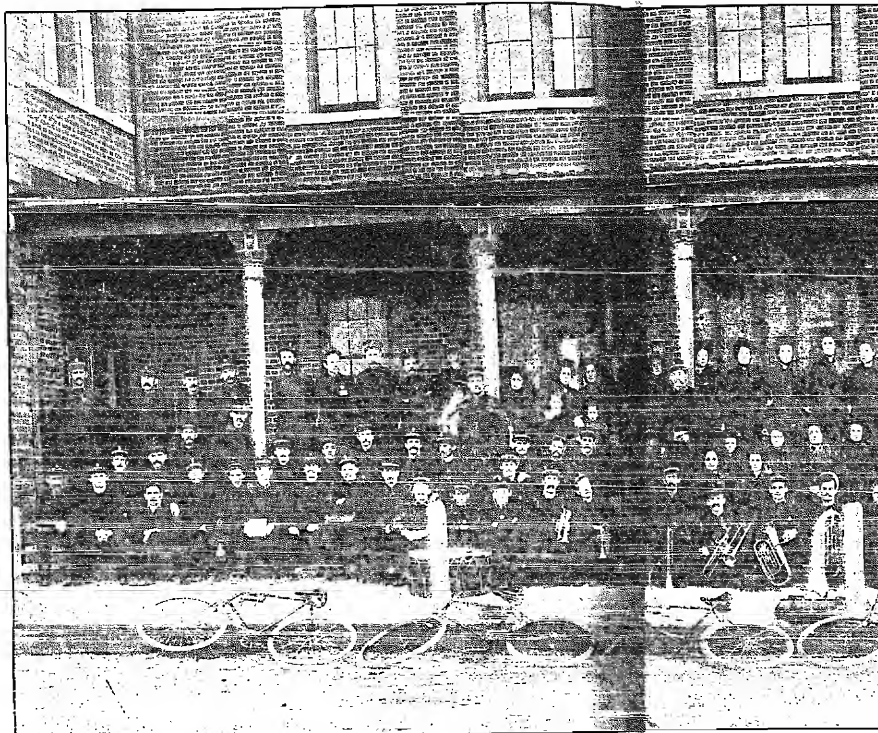
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which a fire
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"Johannes"
too late, fo
sons were al
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his knife. (

his knife, (which
menhans carried
loose robes and
enough in his
of his purse
to ribbons,
with the By
him, and so
heart with l

mo:station.

A detailed illustration of a rectangular cigarette pack. The front face shows a scene with a woman seated on a park bench, holding a cigarette, and a young child standing beside her. The background includes trees and a fence. The top of the pack has a decorative border. The left side of the pack displays the following text from top to bottom:
 BANKERS
 CIGARETTES
 MADE IN U.S.A.
 10 CIGARETTES
 BY THE
 BANKERS
 OF NEW YORK
 AND LONDON
 1928
 Wm. W. Banker Co.
 New York City
 London, England

The Dutch Grace Before Meat Box



OFFICERS OF THE CENTRAL ONTARIO PRO

"wee kins' man," as he is humorously styled, is wholly devoted to the oversight and development of the Junior Soldiers work—visiting and personally inspecting the work from Corps to Corps, and the results are very encouraging. The work was properly organized at the Harlow Councils some time ago, which was a time of much blessing and white-radiating rays.

The Central Ontario Province has had some of the greatest difficulties to face, but is nobly riding the storm, and the future is, no doubt, with coming blessings.

**CENTRAL
ONTARIO PROVINCE.**

The financial standing of the Province has materially improved.

There was a heavy debt when Major Howell took command, but this has been reduced to a comparatively small amount.

A beautiful new brick barracks has been opened at Barrie by the Field Commandant.

The confidence of the people—which is so easily influenced by adverse critics—is being restored, and generally the prospects are good for a mighty advance.

STAFF-CAPT. WATSON.

Pithy Points.

Shith is the key to poverty.
 When you doubt, do not act.
 Nothing is cheap if you don't want it.
 Patches and darnings are better than
 debts.
 Every weak man finds some one to
 tyrannise over him.
 Do you never look at yourself when
 you abuse another person ?
 Nothing is so strong as gentleness ;
 nothing so gentle as strength.
 Selling at a great sacrifice usually
 means sacrificing the customers.
 Our love to God arises out of want ;
 His love to us out of His fulness.

Contains Fifty Corps.

with 117 Officers, Staff and Field. Major Howell, Provincial Officer, and Staff-Captain Watson, Cluneclor, have been 21 years of Salva. The army, mostly in France, and therefore are conversant with the country and the people.

There are several large cities in the Province, including Toronto, Hamilton and St. Catharines, where the work is advancing. Two Social Institutions supply the wants of the most needy of the two former cities. The latter was one of the first opened by Major Howell and Major Complin, (the worthy Editor of the Cry) and promises to be a success.

Every weak man finds some one to
 tyrannize over him.

Do you never look at yourself when you
 abuse another person?

Nothing is so strong as gentleness;
 nothing so gentle as strength.

Selling at a great sacrifice usually
 means sacrificing the customers.

Our love to God arises out of want;
 His love to us out of His fulness.

What has no force is the beginning can
 gain no strength from the lapse of time.

It is as easy to draw back a stone
 thrown with force from the hand as to
 break a wheel over one's shoulder.

The Junior Soldier Work
is having particular attention, and is going ahead nicely. Adjutant Hay, the

It is as easy to draw back a stone thrown with force from the hand as to recall a word once spoken.

THE LAT
ABOUT
THE COMMA
AND
AUSTRALIA

IN a letter just received from Colonel Kirby, Assistant Secretary, is contained the following:

"God has indeed been wonderfully and has filled with triumph the interim between his farewell and our arrival. To Him be all praise.

We are so antipathetic in every direction to everything points in an effort to the Communiants and simply been swallowed up and the manner in which received by Officers and has inspired them with the accomplishment of the future."

One of the most encouraging evidences of the life dominates throughout even the magnificent and noble in connection with the Sabbath has just finished.

Liebig equalized with you, so you will be able

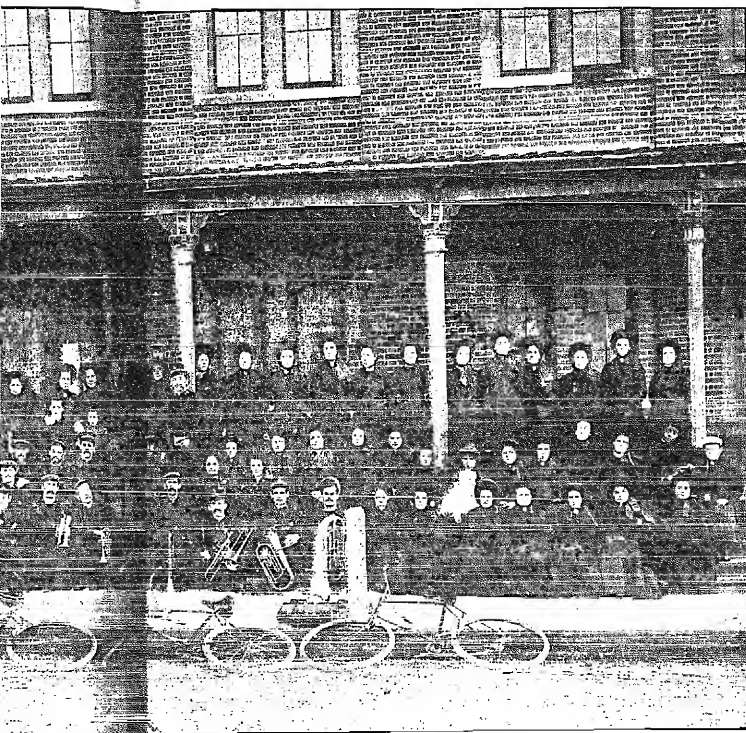
estimate of the toll and part of our Officers and represented by this amendment with us over such wind-up.

New Zealand
N. S. W.
Queensland

Victoria
W. Australia.....
S. Australia
Tasmania
You will see that this is a
total of £17,750.

You will readily understand all the Commandant's new views; nevertheless, I felt compelled to write you in reply to your kind and welcome letter.

Yours for God and
GRACEY A. WILKINSON



THE CENT. ONTARIO PROVINCE.

THE LATEST THE COMMANDANTS AND AUSTRALASIA.

IN a letter just received by the Editor from Colonel Killo, Australasia's Chief Secretary, is contained the following:

"God has indeed been helping us wonderfully and has filled with blessing and triumph the interim between the Commandant's farewell and the Commandant's arrival. To him be all the praise. We are undertaking a rapid move on in every direction and thank God everything points in an upward direction. The Commandant and Mrs. Killo have simply been swallowed down wholesale, and the manner in which they have been received by Officers and Soldiers alike has inspired them with confidence for the accomplishment of great things in the future.

One of the most encouraging and hopeful evidences of the life and spirit that dominates throughout every Colony, is the magnificent and unparalleled return in connection with the Self-Donation effort which has just finished up.

Australasia may well be proud of herself in announcing to the world that this year she steps well up to the front with a net result of £17,000. Hallelujah!

Being acquainted with the Colonies as you are, you will be able to form some estimate of the toll and devotion on the part of our Officers and Soldiers that is represented by this amount, and will rejoice with us over such a triumphant wind-up.

I am just giving you the Colony totals, as I thought they might be interesting to you:

New Zealand	£4,150
N. B. W.	£3,250
Queensland	£2,750
Victoria	£2,550
W. Australia	£2,450
S. Australia	£1,350
Tasmania	£2,550

You will see that this makes our exact total £17,500.

You will readily understand that with all the Commandants' new projects, etc., we are about as full-handed as we can be; nevertheless, I feel I must send a reply to your kind and welcome letter.

With the very kindest regards to Mrs. Compkin and yourself, believe me, Yours for God and the Fight,
GEORGE A. KILLO, Colonel."

Nelson, B. C., Bombarded.

Adj. Ayre's Graphic Account.

We opened the battle in a great storm of rain, yelling, howling, scuffling, jarring and dashing by the enemy. Saturday evening, December 15th, was the night. About 50 came to the barracks. A couple of drunks sicked our first combat, Sunday, not many out; whether very unfavorable, about 5 came at night. This meeting was also spoiled by the same two drunks. On Monday evening a fresh set of agents from the Satanite Majesty's set came to break things up; however, we gave them a charge from the Hallelujah Gatling gun, which gave them such a scorching they retreated. One man volunteered forward. I have seen more drunkenness the few days I have been here than I saw all the time (8 weeks) I was in Butte. It's hard to find out just the population, but I should say it's about 2500. The majority are seeking the treasures of this world, caring very little about the treasures above. Practiced Christianity is at a very low ebb, and I don't wonder, for one of Christ's so-called ambassadors has just passed our door sucking away at the end of a big pipe. It's enough to disgust the devil himself, I should think.

There are four small churches, and about three times as many places where the devil's medicine is dealt out.

Everything is very dear here, about double what we have been used to pay. Just think, 75 cents for a hair-cut and shave. Yours to cry aloud and spare not—Adj. M. Ayre.

A Chicago woman walked down the street with a clear in her mouth. She was arrested, fined, and publicly reprimanded. Fifty years hence this bit of nineteenth century justice will be cited as a relic of the stupidity of the middle ages; for fifty years hence the world will realize that whatever violation of society's laws is disgraceful for a woman is just as disgraceful for a man.—Spokane Chronicle.

IMPORTANT NOTICE re LANTERNS.

Will all Officers kindly note that only Night Brigade Provost Agents are allowed to use Night Lanterns in our own Barracks. Permission must be obtained from Headquarters should any other Officer desire to conduct a Night Service. The carrying out of this rule will save much confusion.

THE UNSPEAKING OF ISAIAH'S LIPS, And of Ours.

BY THE GENERAL.

"I cannot speak. I have not courage to stand up before a congregation or in a place in the open-air. I have not nerve to speak to people about their souls, and about God and judgment and eternity, either in private or in public. I have not ability. I don't like. I am not called. I have not the necessary gifts, and not good enough. I come and listen, and give a little and go out with the procession (I don't walk in the ranks), but I cannot stand up and talk. I wish I could, but I cannot."

Now it seems to us that Isaiah felt very much after the same fashion. He could not speak the people when they asked him, but his excuse was the correct one. He had had a vision; had seen God, and seen himself, and the result was, he perceived, and felt, and confessed the error of his silence, and he rightly named the backslap on his lips. It was not mental, or physical, or social, but spiritual inability. "I am a man of unclean lips," that is, he had an unclean heart. That was the sore spot. Oh, we do love these straight, honest Bible confessions and all other confessions that are straight and honest, too. Out with the truth, if you know it, and, if you don't, may God soon reveal it.

Oh, in what multitudes of instances have we seen just the same sort of confession as that of Isaiah. It was the vision made the difference. Before the vision, all manner of excuses, such as we started with in this paper, and ten thousand more, but after there has been a vision of the divine purity and the testimony of the divine messengers, and a revealing of the divine glory, and a moving of the hosts, or of those who have hitherto been as still and as stupid as posts, and a filling of the place with the smoke of the sweet incense of praise and glory—oh, then they have laid on their faces, and all the mean and frivolous and worldly and selfish and ease-loving excuses have vanished, and the truth has come out: "Oh, my villainous, my filthy, my vain, my unfaithfulness, my backsliding. I am a man, I am a woman, of unclean lips. That is the cause, and the only cause, of my backsliding this."

God Forgive, and Cleanse, and Save Me!"

So the truth came out. God knew it before, and we suspected it. Now Isaiah, and those likewise afflicted, see it, and God and angels and men hear it confessed. Uncleanliness is the secret of soiled lips.

How can this be? Simple enough to those willing to know. Are you willing? Then we will try and show. There are some reasons evident enough.

1. With uncleanliness there is a sense of perpetual unworthiness for the task. I am not what I profess. If I talk to the people they may reply, "Physician, heal thyself." My husband, my wife, my child, my neighbors, my workmates know that I lie up to my profession. If I could look the crowd in the street or in the theatre or anywhere else in the face, and say, "You all know what manner of life I am running, and which of you can convince me of sin?" then I could stand up and fearlessly warn them to flee to Christ from the wrath to come."

2. Uncleanliness means perpetual condemnation. Condemnation is always more or less accompanied by clouds of doubt and fears and gloom which obscure the soul's vision of Divine things. Heaven and hell and judgment and Calvary and Divine things generally are only dimly seen, and as the result the soul is influenced and controlled by natural things, and the soul is silent—cannot or will not run and speak for God.

3. And further and still more important

Uncleanliness shuts out Inspiration.

God dwells not in an unsanctified heart, and therefore speaks not through unsanctified lips. From an unclean heart God, who is pure, cannot speak. He is not pure and holy and full with light and love and power, is absent. If you are to have your lips opened, and be a messenger for the Lord High God, you must be sanctified, otherwise how can you deliver the Word of the Lord?

What is the Remedy? Here it lies—a live coal, a red-hot fire, from off the Divine altar, that is from the Divine heart, which, touching you, will make your heart red-hot. A seraphim took one to Isaiah: never mind who brings it to you, whether a seraphim or a Salvationist! You can't get it wrong if you go the right fire. Pure, mind—not less, pure, and purifying fire. The moment it touched Isaiah and his iniquity was taken away, and his sin was purged. Oh, for this fire! These seraphim, come again! God is no respecter of persons. He came again at Pentecost—at least the same fire came again, whether brought it. And again and again and again touch them. Repeat thy visits, and touch the lips of every Salvationist in our ranks.

But this means something on the part of Salvation Army Soldiers. What is it? It means two presentations.

1st. For the purifying purpose. To be clean, can you do this, my comrades? Have you counted the cost of what is intended on your part by being a saint indeed?

"I can't be pious!" said a sister the other day, as she rose from the holiness picnic-table. "I cannot be singular among all my friends." So she took away with her the trappings of her pride, the signs of her intelligence, and went without the fire. She wanted to be useful, and felt she must have a qualification for the live coal; but she would not pay the price.

Count the Cost, and Honestly Pay It.

Better keep your property, O Ananias and Sapphira, than give it to the Lord and then hold part of it back.

Present yourself, with honest purpose—all you have and are and hope to have and be. Wait! Expect! Trust! And now the mighty Spirit comes with purifying fire and quickening flame, and Isaiah exclaims: "My iniquity is taken away and my sin is purged, my uncleanliness is gone—heart and lips unclean no longer."

Hold there, Isaiah! What is it you say? Beware of absolute perfection, sinlessness, conceitlessness! Beware! What do you say? "All my iniquity is taken away, and all my sin is purged?" How do you know? "The seraphim said so, and I believe him. It is gone; I have no iniquity now, it is taken away; and I have no sin, it is purged! All glory to God for ever! Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Hallelujah!" Is that all your authority?

"Oh, no; I have authority beyond that. I feel it; I know it. My clean heart testifies to the fact my iniquity is taken away, and my sin is purged."

Amen, Isaiah! We believe you, and what God has cleansed, Heaven forbid that we should not declare of common.

The Religious World.

Evangelist Monty attains his sixtieth year on the 24th of February next.

The native Christians in heathen lands last year gave \$250,000 more than on which the amount raised in the United States.

The annual report of the Moravian Church gives 150 mission stations, 400 missionaries and 95,000 converts in heathen lands.

One hundred and fifty Chinese converts were baptized during the last twenty months by Rev. Koplin Rees at Tientsin, North China.—Rim's Horn.

The forty-minute sermon is bitterly complained of by the man who was reading the forty-five Sunday morning Book just before election.—The Mid-Continent.

An "honorary missionary" is one who supports himself from his own means. There are seventy such missionaries connected with the Church Missionary Society—Canadian Churchman.

Eight prisoners in the Louisville, Ky., jail were baptized on a recent Sunday. The men had been led to Christ through the services held by a Christian Endeavor Society of the city.—Rim's Horn.

Twenty-five million dollars is the Sultan's price for a promise not to kill any more Christians at present. And the Christian powers have guaranteed to pay it. Abdul is a bonaparte.—Catholic Register.

The supreme test of character, that which measures its power for self and the world, is the prayer, "Not my will, but Thine, be done." The great tests are not by the power accumulated in overcoming the flesh home in each day's battle.—Catholic Register.

THE WAR CRY.

WAGES OF SIN.

A Thrilling Sketch from Real Life by Staff-Captain Watson.

About seven years ago, while leading a meeting, I noticed a tall, thin, careworn-looking woman enter the hall. She came and sat down almost at the front. It is strange that I should so clearly remember her among so many. I don't know why, but there was something strange about the tall figure that attracted my attention, something in her beautiful eyes that seemed to speak of better days, something in the striking outline of the pinched face which, spite of the haggard, careworn expression, pointed to good breeding. She was sitting with an old man who only recently had been converted from a desperate life of drunkenness. At the close of the meeting the old man introduced my wife and I to her in his own rough way: "She is staying at my place with her man for a while; they stayed in town; nobody would take them in, so I'll just come and see them some day." We promised to go, but in a day or two she was taken sick and the old man came and told us of it. So we went to see her. After some enquiry we found an old, decrepitated, tumbling-down frame huddled in a room. There she lay, on the old bed, dressed in the few clothes which scarcely covered her poor body. She was very, very sick, helpless, unweaned, and with unaccounted pain. She was indeed a sad sight. The old man said, whispering, "No one would take them in, they have no friends and no home." I found that the old fellow with her, and who was not married to her, had his two froz-buddy and could not walk. My wife and a sister soldier at once set to work, procured necessaries and clothing of their own, cut out the old dress, which was the only clothing, from her, washed and mended her, and put her to bed. I went on for she? he enquired. "Had she any money?" No? He would not go. With an indignant soul at his provoking selfishness, I would not go; she was only a poor unfortunate woman and not worth trouble. At last I got the town doctor, but his services were not much needed, she was already beyond human help, though he did not know it. Next afternoon we visited her again. She was all alone, and as I shook her hand, I felt it was cold and clammy. As we left the house I said to my wife, "Did you notice how cold her hand was?"

"I did," my wife replied. "I believe she is dying."

Before leaving we asked her if there was anything she needed; she fancied some beef tea. My wife hurried home to make it and took it to her, and I went to the meeting. When she returned, a neighbor woman was in. The doctor had been and ordered some brandy. The neighbor was just going to give the brandy to her when my wife arrived.

"I have brought you some nice beef tea," which would you like—the brandy or the beef tea?" she asked.

"Oh, I don't want the brandy; give me some beef tea." It was her last meal on earth.

As the sun was setting my wife was sitting by her bedside. A dear little girl, the daughter of the woman, was playing out in the street.

"Would you like to see your little girl?" my wife asked.

"Yes, I would," she said.

She went and brought her from the street and sat her on her knees beside the bed. The mother set her big eyes on the little girl; she realized she was leaving, and said, "Oh, Mrs. W. if it wasn't for her I wouldn't mind." She leaned over while the mother kissed her for the last time. She continued looking at her speechless until the death struggle commenced. Ah, no one will ever know what anguish was wringing her heart as she looked on her little girl for the last time. It had no father, poor unfortunate! and was soon to have no mother. No friends to leave her to—no home. Poor soul! a welcome death struggle!

After meeting I went north. She was dying, struggling with death, fighting it back with a vacant, ghastly stare. She loved her hair. A short time before she died, the old man, her companion in sin, stood at the foot of the bed and said, "How is the old lady now?"

"She is very sick indeed," my wife replied. "She will not see the morning."

"Oh, yes," he replied with a gasp. "I have seen her as bad as that many a time before! She's like a cat, she'll get back feet," and away he skulked from the room.

Oh, heartless wretch! Oh, hardening sin! I had to leave the beautiful, cold and unendurable sight. A few moments and all was over. Lying hands performed the last offices to the poor, lone, homeless woman. A common play-acting supplied by the town was procured and next day, having got a few soldiers together, we placed the pine box in a democratic wagon, and after a short service started for the cemetery. As the little cartage was following the unknown stranger to the cemetery, I noticed a strange young woman walking on the sidewalk in front of me. An old woman touched me on the shoulder, and said, "Don't say a word, Captain, but you see this young woman in front of you?" I replied "Yes."

"Well, she is the dead woman's daughter, and is following her to the grave, but does not know that it is her mother."

"Is that possible?"

"Yes, it's true."

"My God!"

We soon arrived at the grave, and were proceeding with the burial. The coffin was in the grave, the service was being read, when suddenly a buggy drove into the cemetery, containing two women in deep mourning. They shrieked with grief, while one frantically rushed up to the grave, and bending low, bitterly wailed, "Oh my poor daughter! My dear daughter! To think that you should die without a friend near!"

"I could not proceed with the service for their sobs and cries, but we sang a song to drown their weeping and finally finished the service. The woman in black was her mother. A widowed, broken-hearted mother who had just come to the funeral of her prodigal daughter. It was a sad scene. The old, old story was that of the dead woman. Tempted and led astray; wandered from home and became an outcast from society and home and friends, but what a sad ending for the woman with a good home and mother, who had gone down! down! down! We left that graveside a sad and mournful crowd, and realized more than ever the truth of that scripture, "The wages of sin is death." Yes, it was a sad end to a young life.

ANOTHER LIVING MIRACLE

Demonstrating the Power of God to Save.



LIEUT. HILDRETH, Victoria Food and Shelter Dept.

I thought I would send you my photo, so you could see how the Lord has straightened out a man who, after years of dissipation, had become a physical wreck. I used tobacco and whiskey all my life more or less, frequently moving from nearly nine years previous to my conversion was a morphine and cocaine fiend, using every day about forty grains of morphine, and from ten to thirty grains of cocaine. A person who never used these drugs can form no idea of what a grip they have on a man after he gets in the habit of using them. The police used to try to break me from using morphine by putting me in jail, but it was no use. During the last two years that I was in sin, I was arrested by seven different policemen, and in that time I was imprisoned about twenty times. Had been out of jail about a month, after serving a three-month sentence, when I got saved in Helena, Montana. Was saved May 24th, '05. Was accepted for the social work, and came to Victoria Shelter last Christmas, 1905. Am still here, enjoying true happiness in a whole-hearted service to God. The last time I was put in jail I was in a terrible condition, weighed

about one hundred and twenty-five pounds, my back bent, one shoulder about three inches lower than the other, and looking so pale and thin, that the jailer called me 'fourthweight'. My present weight is one hundred and eighty-five pounds. Hallelujah! Lieutenant Wm. Hildreth, S. A. Shelter, Victoria, B. C.

Iceicles from Iceland.

An Interesting Despatch from Capt. Davidson.

The bombardment of Leifjard, the second largest town in Iceland, is reported a glorious success. A Danish Captain and a native Cadet are in charge. It promises, however, to be a tough fight there, for the authorities show themselves rather unfriendly.

The meetings are overcrowded, and rather noisy, with four times as many people outside as in the hall. The burgomaster has forbidden all charges at the door, for in this wise he thinks he can crush us out. As soon as we at headquarters learned of this, we dispatched several hundreds of back numbers of the War Cry, tracts, etc., to be sold and used as billets to the meetings. If he does any further in limiting our liberty it is probable that we have a wrinkle or two in store for him yet. Thank God we have pulled through the earthquake some all O. K., and the people have forgotten again that in the midst of life we are in death, and go on as thoughtless as ever. The sufferers are being nobly helped by the people of Denmark.



CAPT. DAVIDSON, Editor of "Herald," the Icelandic War Cry, on the war path.

Souls are being saved at Reikjavik right along, in spite of all that devils and men can put in our way. Some days ago the owner

Door of Our Hall was Battered

by an unruly mob, which frequently gathered around our premises at the time of meetings. The police are either unable, or unwilling to take the matter in hand, so we have to be both police and preachers at times in order to carry on the meetings undisturbed.

We are just through Self-Denial. Our precious comrades have done splendidly, in spite of the poverty and hard times prevailing here. God bless them!

Our monthly War Cry, is doing some service to the war-chest by working at his trade (photography) and teaching several young men the same.

"Herald," our monthly War Cry, has sixty subscribers among the Icelandic population in Winnipeg. We think the Winnipeg, Man., Corps should order some. Don't you? Pray for us.—Th. J. Davidson, Captain.

"The opening of the great Siberian Railway to Omsk makes it possible to go from St. Petersburg to Omsk and return, a distance of 4,000 miles, in ten days. The difficulties encountered in the construction of the road were very great, and were overcome only because the engineer of this generation knows no defeat. In some of the mountain regions the men had to be lowered to their work in baskets, carrying their food with them. One bag which had to be crossed is sixty miles in extent, and the engineers and their men were compelled to live in little huts built on piles and reached only by boats. When completed, the railway will be one of the great wonders of the world."

CURRENT : EVENTS

Gathered by G. B. M.

Sealers are leaving Victoria for the California fishing grounds.

At Brampton, Man., Mary Matoskin, three years old, was hurried to death.

A Society has been formed in London to prevent the premature burial of the dead.

It is believed that next season vessels will trade between Montreal and Australia.

Paris tribunals have decided that the habit of gambling by the wife is a valid ground for divorce.

Rev. Prof. John Meagher, of the Regiopolis College, Kingston, has just been ordained a priest.

The C. P. R., it is said, will buy all the steamers of the Columbia and Kootenay Navigation Company.

Seven persons have been killed at Castello, Italy, by an explosion in a confectionery establishment.

James Shaw, Hamilton, Ont., was fined \$50 for keeping a gambling house, but the case will be appealed.

Thirty men employed on Government work at St. John's, Nfld., have been left to fight for Cuban rebels.

India's population, according to the census of 1885, is 237,223,231, an increase the previous census of 23,429,917.

An explosion in a culinary at Wilkes-Barre, Pa., killed 29 miners, 80 far 11 have been recovered and revived.

This year nearly 30,000 barrels of grain passed through the Soo Canal, an increase of 25,000 compared with last year's movement.

Shipments of British Columbia salmon to the English market for the season are about over. The canners are all shipped by water on a regular fleet of sailing vessels employed for that purpose.

Cambridge University, England, recently passed a statute enabling the university authorities to deprive a graduate of his degree and all the privileges of the university in case of misconduct.

An old Greek lady of Trieste was recently murdered by her 15-year-old grandson, instigated by his brother, who is 13. The children enticed their grandmother into the attic, where the younger boy shot her down with a revolver.

At the official trial of the Virago torpedo boat destroyer, built by the Lairds, a mean speed of 23.18 knots was made on the measured mile, while 20.07 knots was the average for the three hours' continuous speeding, the coal consumption being 2.32 pounds per horse power per hour.

It has been announced that the remains of the late George DuMaurier were cremated. The body of the late Kate Field will undergo the same process, and it is reported that among others who have declined in favor of it are Bishop Potter, Dr. W. S. Batteford, Prof. Charles Eliot Norton, William Waldorf Astor, Edward Everett Hale, Andrew Carnegie, Charles Dudley Warner, Marshall P. Wilder, and Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

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BROTHERS ALL ARE WE

Genuine Methodism—Sheep Offering and Surprise Party.

HILLSEBO, N. D.—We have a Regular Correspondent here, but I have a few things to say myself. Provincial Secretary Bennett and Adjutant McNamara paid us a visit this week. The Methodists had an oyster supper the same night, but our hall was nearly full. We had a good, profitable time. Lieutenant Cook and your humble servant had an invitation to a public dinner, got up by our Methodist friends. After being requested to ask a blessing, Captain Hewitt raised his plate, and let fifteen dollars lay under it, with a note saying it was a presentation from a few friends who wished to show in a practical way their God-peace to our work. I tell you the captain almost fainted, but recovered sufficiently to thank the dear friends, and we knelt and thanked God. May God bless these dear people, and return them four-fold; (this is the way the Norwegians do things, and I just think it is fine) but the shower has not yet stopped, for just as Captain and Lieutenant sat down to tea, in walked another man, a farmer, with a whole sheep dressed, and frozen stiff; then we felt like shouting and singing. "O, the promise of a shower drops already from above." This is beautiful, but we want to see souls at Jesus' feet.—Hewitt, Cook & Co.

HELPS FOR J.S. WORKERS.

JANUARY 17th.

"MOSES' GREAT WORK."
Exodus iv. 1-21, 27-31.

Our last lesson closes with Moses standing near the burning bush, listening to his father's God as He poured into his ears His purposes concerning the children of Israel. Just a verse or two further on we read that the Lord told Moses that He would send him to Pharaoh to bring them out of the land of Egypt.

A Call of Long Ago.

Forty years before this, when Moses visited his brethren in Egypt, he seems to have quite believed that by the hand of God he was to be Israel's deliverer (see Acts vii. 23), but when his brethren refused him, hope seems to have died out in his heart. No doubt that many a time during those long years shepherding in Midian his heart went back to his people, and his consciousness that his brethren would not recognize him as the deliverer must have been to him a constant pain and sorrow.

Moses Feels Faint-Hearted.

Now, however, he appeared quite unprepared for this great revelation, and staggered at the importance of the work which God told him to do. God's promise of His presence was enough to have driven the fear from any heart, but Moses hesitated. Despite his love and sympathy for his afflicted people he had not a large amount of natural courage.

But not from selfish Considerations.

But we notice that he did not plead age, home, wife or family as an excuse for not wishing to go, his after efforts proved how true was the war for the people. Moses' difficulty was that he did not consider himself fit for the work. His simple, humble spirit would have been content to have been a shepherd's flock until his dying day, but it is often out of such men that God wants to make leaders. He can do something with this kind of people—those who are not in such danger of running off on plans of their own, and will be willing to wait until He gives the word of command.

"They will not Believe me."

Moses raised an objection, and a very fair one, for when God calls to a work we can be sure that He will give the required fitness for it. But God bore with his lack of trust, and by two miracles showed him by signs and wonders He would let the people know that His servant had a Divine commission.

"I am not Eloquent."

The devil presented another difficulty to Moses' mind, and he remembered that he could not talk well. But God reminded him that He had made man's mouth, and that He would teach him what to say. This should have satisfied Moses, yet still the poor, trembling heart murmured as he thought of the great work of the undertaking, of hard-hearted Pharaoh and the Egyptians, of his own people's weakness, and how they had rejected his previous well-meant interference on their behalf, and still Moses tried to beg out. But God, though angry with such cowardice, had brought Moses to the work on purpose, and He would not let him escape the work, giving him as his mouthpiece his brother Aaron.

"And the People Believed."

God soon let Moses know that He was as good as His word, and that the people for whom he was to spend his life would acknowledge him as sent from God and their appointed leader.

God never leaves people who follow Him courageously and whole-heartedly without signs of their Divine appointment. Signs will follow the Junior who believes and does as his conscience tells him—he will be freed from fear and doubt, he will have a new tongue to confess Christ, he will be able to cast out devils.

God's Strength in Human Weakness.

Moses' natural timidity and lack of self-confidence was nothing to God, and such is no excuse for anybody holding back from God's call to service. Courage for the timid, faith for the faithless, strength for the weak, and wisdom for them that lack understanding. Let us take a lesson from Moses who, after all his fears, surrendered to God's will, went home and said good-bye to Jethro and the sheep, put his wife and boys on a donkey, and started off at 80 years of age to his great work. Had Moses returned to obey, we know not how long God's plans for Israel might not have been delayed.

QUESTIONS.

Why did Moses fear to take up his work?

What signs did God give him of His presence and help?
How was God's promise fulfilled?
What great lesson does the call of Moses teach?

MEMORY TEXT.

"Go, and I will be with thy mouth, and teach thee what thou shalt say."

THE DEVIL'S KID GLOVES.

ORILLIA.—The War is going on in this northern country, but not without some desperate conflicts. Bill Dyker says the devil often comes to him with his white-kid gloves over his dirty black hands. Sister Dyker is a regular War Cry doer on the hotels on Saturday afternoons. Our Comrade has charge of the Juniors. By the time this is in print we shall have had our Juniors' Jubilee and Christmas Tree. We had brother and Sister McLean with us on Sunday—two tried Army comrades. God will not forget your labor or love. We had a visit from Brother James, the temperance lecturer, accompanied by his wife and music. There is noise of war in the camp. The Lord is in our midst. Look out for the wild-wind.—William Lewis, Captain.

A MARRIAGE AT HALIFAX I.

HALIFAX I.—On Thursday night a beautiful wedding. The contracting parties were Edmund Fraser and Junior Sergeant Hannah McLeod, both of Halifax I. Corps, assisted by Handsman Harry Rogers and Sister Maud Wierley. After Adjutant Greichen read the Army Articles of Marriage, the Rev. John McMillan performed the marriage ceremony, and spoke words of advice, after which the bride and groom gave their testimonies. A large crowd was in attendance. May the Lord bless the happy couple, and make them successful in the Divine life.—Secretary Graham.

NEWCASTLE.—Good day Sunday, ending with Jesus preaching two of his wonderful ones to Himself. Many in deep trouble over their souls. Our faith runs high for our winter's work here.—Yours enjoying the fight, Ida M. Miller.

SUMMERSIDE.

We are, by the grace of God, having victory, proving daily that His power is not limited. Our trust is firm in Christ. Our meetings of late have been wonderful and blessed of God, and have had the joy of seeing some of the wanderers return to their Father's house. Our God whom we serve is able to deliver. Hallelujah!—Mattie Gamble.

EDMONTON.

Great times last Sunday. Wonderful power in all the meetings; hall crowded at night as it hadn't been for a long time; one soul in the Pinnacle. Glory to God!—T. Kehler, Reg. Cor.

Good meetings all day Sunday at LISTOWELL. Converts coming along fine.—S. M. A. R. C.

Two souls for the week at MOHIDEN, reports Newfoundland.

"HILLO!" What was going on at Riverside Sunday?
"Why, what do you think! Two of the Ex-Provincials and four boys were leading the meetings from 7 a. m. till 10.30 at night. Two souls were converted and we gave God the glory. Ah! that's just you; go on and win souls for the Master.—Mentenan Then, Bless for Captain McDougall.

PETERBORO.

God is giving us the victory. Hallelujah! We had a blessed time at Soldiers' meeting on Wednesday night. God was with us, and He blessed our souls. We had with us on Sunday Lieutenant Mondall Greene, our old comrade, who has just returned home to spend Christmas. God bless him! We had blessed meetings all day Sunday, too. At the holiness meeting two prodigals returned to Jesus. God keep them true; also at night four souls found pardon at the feet of Jesus. Hallelujah! Yours fighting.—Sergt. May Lang.

JOE LUDGATE AND THE KINOTRAP.

VICTORIA, B. C.—We have "moved" since last you heard from us, and are now in the old Methodist Church, next door to where we formerly held meetings. Adjutant Clark and his assistants did their best to make the opening meeting a success. Captain Lane and the Kinotrap were with us, and several religious musical selections were reproduced by the aid of that wonderful electrical machine. Adjutant Joe Ludgate's singing was especially enjoyed. We hope to hear him again some night. The meeting closed with an appeal to the unwaved, and a red-hot prayer-meeting.—Annie Reilly.

JAMESTOWN, N. D.

Good meeting yesterday. Six out for clean hearts. Picking hard, determined to win. Soldiers getting into uniform. Look more like Soldiers, and can fight for Jesus ever so much better. God is very good to us, and we mean to do all we can to build up His Kingdom.—J. M. Dearborn, Reg. Cor.

DUNDAS on the rise. Good day Sunday. Increase all round. One volunteer at night. Win we will.—Cramer and Worr.

TEMPLE, Toronto.

Sunday a day of Salvation, with eleven souls for the day. Some of the old Soldiers are coming "home" again who left a few years ago. The Corps is getting stronger in every way. To God be all the glory.—Jupiter.

HELENA still on the move. Thursday good times. I can tell you. When Adjutant Gibbs stepped to the front and read the Articles of War to the crowd, we knew something was going to happen. Then to the sweet music of "Under the Good old Army Flag" our four brave warriors stepped to the front, and were sworn in as Soldiers of the Salvation Army by Adjutant. Of course Adjutant never sweats, but they are full-fledged Soldiers, anyhow. Then, best of all, our poor soul came to the Cross, got the witness of a personal Saviour.—Yours to call again, Rogers, Reg. Cor.

LISTOWELL.

We are having good crowds, especially Sunday nights, when the barracks is crowded, even to standing space, and a dozen or more kept out in the cold, waiting until some go out, so that they can get in. Oh, God, send some and some only bless us. Glory to His dear Name! We had English School with us on Friday night. Had a beautiful time. Then on Sunday night was the evening when four souls triumphed into the Pinnacle. We closed at eleven o'clock first, but feeling well would for our day's light. Then on Monday we had the same with us in the persons of Brigadier Matthews, Adjutant Taylor, and the Palmerston Brass Band, and also Comrades from Pilsenston and Hymington. There was a blessed influence in the meeting, but no one yielded to the striving of God's Spirit. So Brigadier said we would have a happy time for ourselves, and had a good dance and a treat, followed by a march around the hall and then a general hop-up. I tell you it was contagious. The majority of us caught it. Then Brigadier told us a little anecdote about the drums we were singing, which brought down the house, and we could not shut much more, so he closed the meeting, and we all went home, running over with joy. L. C.

A PROPER CONVERT.

YARMOUTH, N. S.—God is giving us victory here. During the last fortnight ten souls have sought and found Salvation. One of the converts sold eight War Crys, securing six regular customers. The first week he was saved. We are having big alterations made in our barracks, and expect by the beginning of the New Year to have things in their new-found order, and to be going in with all our might for a tremendous breakthrough in the ranks of the devil. There is a great deal of conviction in the meetings. A. Y. L.

GHASTLY MEMENTOS.

SPRING HILL.—Two souls at the Mercy on Friday night, and God in His love set them free. They are doing well. On Tuesday night, Captains Stedpers and Abbie with us. Had a very special meeting. Modern Prodigal Son, in four acts. Captains Stedpers acting as Prodigal. First act: "Leaving home." Second act: "Enters his room, sits down, plays cards, drinks and robs." Third act: "On sidewalk, with no money, where he meets a man who sends him feeling better." etc. Fourth act: "Returns home in rags." Captain Allan, who was with Peter Wheeler (the murderer of Annie Kempton) in his last hours, spoke of him, showing his emblem and photo, and a piece of the rope that executed said murderer. The meeting was

very interesting and impressive. A supper after meeting. We are going on. D. HINDY, Captain.

We have had such nice times here that I thought I would write you. On Sunday we had with us English Kenway, glorious times. Conviction rested on the hearts of the people, but no conversion until the evening, when one soul found peace at the foot of the Cross. Soldiers in good fighting order and full of faith. We mean to keep fighting.—J. S. Phillips, Salvation Harbor, Halifax, N. S.

What Brought David Out of Bed?

The other day, going up town, I was thinking very much over our special Self-Denial War Cry. On the other side of the street I saw a lady who often asks me to send her a War Cry, and I just thought I wish I had sent her one of this week's and as I turned around she called across the street, "Oh, by the way, if there is anything special in the War Cry this week, please send me one." I said, "Yes, I will send you this week's, for it is that." A few days after I had the same lady and she said, "Oh, thank you very much! The War Cry you sent me was just lovely." And, of course, I was just of the same opinion, and do you know, between you and I, I believe that War Cry helped me to double my collection for Self-Denial this year.



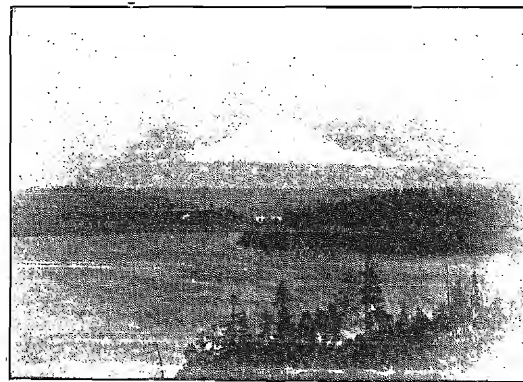
TREASURER DAVID CUSICK, Quebec.

Ah, dear old War Cry! many a blessing and inspiration you have been to me, and often have I had to get out of my bed at night and get on my knees and recommit my life to God, after I had read some of the Capt's reports written in your dear pages by some of my old comrades. Thank God, dear War Cry, after ten years' soldiery, I am well saved, and by God's help I mean to meet all my dear comrades in the Morning.

DAVID CUSICK, Town, Quebec.



We Want Your Ear to listen to the groans of the helpless and take a G. B. M. Box. This will practically benefit them.



MOUNT RANIER, Washington, U.S., 14,500 feet High (the extreme West of our Territory)

With Twenty-Four Armenian Refugees.

FRIDAY. 15th JANUARY. 8 P. M.

let your life be a mixture of man and God. Let it be all for God. Feel God! See God! Design God! Rely God! Determine "God only." If you are not altogether spiritual, pray till you are.

RAYNER is the greatest privilege that a man can have on earth—the privilege of coming to know things faith. A great many people long for faith and talk about it very dry. Let me assure myself of prayer, and faith becomes easy. I did not intend to speak about prayer this time, not because I had something more important to say; there is not anything so important as there is to the smile of God. Where can you find His smile; not in the closest? How can a man love God who does not love His company? And how can they love His company if they do not go and

I do not let anybody or anything keep me from closet prayer. You will think I have plenty to say about myself. I do not care what you think if you will only devote some time to prayer. I mean a substantial part, and keep at it every day. I do not believe an angel has a greater privilege. They may not have so many foes and they have a more dedicated nature, but they come to the same

God. We must not live in one another. We must live in Jesus! How sweet is such a life! I have to-night been more than two hours on my knees. Oh, how sweet and heavenly the last hour! I have many a time spent hours on my knees and do so more as I get older. Nothing like full dedication to God—full! Full!! FULL!!!

Get into the habit of reserving a portion of your time to closet prayer every day. Let it be some reasonable share of your time, and keep to it. Do not put it off. Do not neglect it. Do not let it pass. You must have something dirty, have a dirty house. But there is no need for either, both can be attended to. How little any one can do, and how much can be done in an hour with Him every day! There are a hundred and twenty days gone this year, and more than that. How many of them have I meant that that time I have spent on my knees: I say on my knees in preference to praying, because often I find myself kneeling, and I have not time to say that I am ashamed of myself. I am convinced the Devil does not like prayer, and he will do all he can to prevent it, and sets the guard to drag away the mind by hook or by crook, only it must be done. I am convinced of this, and I have no doubt of it. I have no doubt I have this conflict. Cannot get my mind fixed. But I remain kneeling, and God, I mean victory, gives it to me every day.

There is nothing like prayer for having faith made strong and care taken from the mind, and all other cares removed from worship. A man should pray till he has only one God and then pray to such an extent that he keeps only one. That life is lost, that man does not live in the old God, and there is a great difference between TALKING on this line and LIVING on it. I know no sanctification that does not spend much time in prayer.

We pray for you, and shall continue so in do by the help of God, till death, but you must pray for yourselves. Let God come into your hearts in all the fulness of His blessing.

If any one does not make their home in God there is something they like better than God. They would not say so, but it is so. What should hinder you from making your home in Him? You know every day,—not two halves, but one hour? Life is but an empty glare without God. Do you know your father's house? He has said, "I will come." It came! Is it to pass you know them? You reply, "Because I have lived with them." It is the same with God. Live with Him as you live with your father. Let go the intellectual perception, you have the soul perception. You can live a Sabaothist, and know only a run-God, live a Unitarian, and know only a Father-God, live a Jew's God, what kind of life are you living? What level are you on? Is it the level of yourself, or of the level

When first the Salvation Army I saw,
I thought they were surely insane;
Their actions and words all sounded so
queer,
"Blind and Fire" was such a strange
name.

When I heard all the curious things they
would say,
And the dreadful things they would do,
And "Salvation Army" on the bright
glaring red,
To me seemed ridiculous, too.

I followed them to the first place where they claimed
That they would open up fire ;
But I looked with amusement when they
started at last,
Their service without any delay.

But they sang, and they read, and with
slippers they plend ;
And their words seemed all of love :
A chord in my heart seemed to stir as
they sang,
"What says to the Eden above?"

But I said, **THAT** you never will see :
For if all the people in Chatham should
join,

But I went to the minister and question-
ed him close,
If he thought the Army a fraud :
And all the answer he gave me was this :
"The Salvation Army's of God !"

But more than by him was I often con-
vinced
As through the wet streets they would
plod :
And by the unselfish lives that they lived,
That the Army was surely of God.

Since then both my heart and my mind
have been changed,
In its ranks I am marching to-day :
To the yellow and blue I mean to be true,
And to God, and not run away.

Composed by Mrs. Craig, a Soldier in
the Clutham, N. H., Corps.

The seal of God ~~is~~ on earth is
the human heart.

Thoughts on Christian Life and Warfare, contributed by Our Soldiers.

How unlike him we are. Jesus was unselfish. His life was a prolonged act of self-sacrifice, and sacrifice of self is the practical expression and measure of unselfishness. We seek only to please ourselves; but Christ pleased not Himself.

How often do we meet with poor, degraded sinners; perhaps a poor drunkard, or a poor debauchee, or a poor dissipated man, has fallen below the society we move in, and although we profess to be Christ's followers, we fail to take him by the hand, and to lift him up. We are not the man that which is brightening his life, injuring his health, killing his body, and ruining his soul, and ask for the strength and power of Christ to withstand the temptation of the world, the flesh, and the devil, to be the instrument in God's hand to raise him to a platform of righteousness: "I have a message unto you, and ye are looking upon me, and ye are saying, why do we not see hard things about thee, and why? Is it not because we please ourselves, and are not trying to imitate thee?" We are not the man that we ought to be, the comforter of those who suffer, the Helper of those who want, the meek and lowly Jesus, who dwells at home with the poor, who is the Father of the fatherless, and the Friend of the penitent. We may copy the life of Christ not merely in the outward activities of charity, but in the inward temper of the heart, to copy the tenderness, the meekness, the lowliness, the patience which shine forth in the perfect manhood. Very often we do things which are a disgrace of man, and to gain some earthly reward, we are willing to sacrifice our souls, and to give up the simple soul that His Own glory: "I came not to do His Own will; His body, and soul went with all the faculties, the activities, the intellect, and the affections, offered to the Divine Will. His self-sacrifice included the whole range of His human thought, affection, and action; it lasted through the longest and the most painful prison was His death upon the cross, therefore, are you pleasing yourself? or can you say with the great Apostle Paul, 'I have been crucified with Christ.' If you cannot say this, then you need not go to Him, but to the world, to the flesh, to the devil, but that your life of selfishness, and self-sufficiency will be rewarded by the same suffering life with the One who pleased not His Own will."

BROTHER SAMUEL SIMPSON,
Harker Grace, Nfld.

Soul-winners may learn the following lessons from this Revival:

The children of God have an affinity for each other. Paul in Ephesus drew the believers there around him as the magnet the iron.

He at once unfolded to them and led them to receive the gift of the Holy Ghost.

They then became the storm-renter of one of the mightiest revival cyclones that ever swept the earth.

Holy Ghost testimony was a mighty factor in this revival.

His bitterest opposition came from unconverted church members.

It was overwhelmingly defeated. Repentance was genuine, men publicly burned their false books, though it cost them thousands of dollars. God was given all the glory. "The name of the Lord was glorified." "The name of the Lord was glorified." "The name of the Lord was glorified."

and people was the outpouring of the re-
vival.—Revivalist.

We wrote Ensign Ellory, of St. John's, Nfld., Rescue Home, for an incident of her work in the Rescue Home. The Ensign sends back the following, which, while it does not tell of a completely renewed character, yet shows what is just as valuable, namely, that our workers seldom or never despair of ultimate victory with the people whose best interests they are living and working for.—Ed.

[illegible]

The Kingdom of God is within you.
Luke xviii. 17.

The Kingdom of God is within you.
Luke xviii. 17.

I dwell in the high and holy place with him also who is of a contrite and humble spirit.—Is. lviii, 14.

I have declared unto them Thy name and will declare it that the love wherewith Thou hast loved me may be in them and I in them. John xviii, 24.

If we love one another, God dwelleth in us.—1. John iv. 12.

That Christ may dwell in your hearts
by faith.—Eph. iii, 17.

Abide in Me and I in you.—John xv., 4.
I will dwell in them and walk with them.—II. Cor. vi., 16.

If any man hear my voice and open the door, I will come in and sup with him and he with me.—Rev. III., 20.

MAJOR HOWELL, has been Field Officer, District Officer, Chancellor and Provincial Officer all in one Province—the Eastern.

When a member of Headquarters Staff was posting a parcel for Iceland the other day at the Toronto General Post-office, the Post-Office official said it was the first parcel that passed through his hands for that country in the last four-

Debt is like any other kind of a trap, easy enough to get into, but jolly hard to get out of.

Abused, scandalized, beaten, stoned, imprisoned, looked down upon, yet the better for all of it to the Galilean.

Most of the luxuries, and many of the so-called comforts of life are not only indispensable, but positive hindrances to the elevation of mankind. With respect to luxuries and comforts, the wisest have ever lived a more simple and a more frugal life than the wisest and the best.

ever lived a more simple and meagre life than the poor.—*Catholic Register*.

CAPT. A. FRO

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CAPT. PYNN Promoted to Glory.
A Faithful Warrior Goes Home.

As this appears in print, many will with deep regret learn of the glorious promotion of our much-loved and highly esteemed Comrade, Captain Pynn. About seven years ago, Captain Pynn, (then Lieutenant) was appointed with me at Homeville, Newfoundland. In her I found a valuable assistant and efficient helper. Together we fought, worked and toiled, and together we rejoiced over souls born anew. About a year and six months after we were again together, this time at Twillingate. Not being very well myself, she went nobly forward to shoulder the responsibility. I can truly say she was a genuine Salvationist. I never knew her to shrink her cross, nor to stop when she ought to have gone forward, nor to disobey when she ought to have obeyed; therefore is it any wonder that I mourn her loss? Still I sorrow not as those without hope; I believe we shall meet again, when the morning breaks and the shadows flee away; we shall recognize each other on the Golden Shore.

In Memoriam.

Faithful Comrade, thou hast left us
To join the Blue-washed Band;
Gone to wave the palm of victory,
In that bright and happy land.

We are left to fight still on, to
To bear the Cross, and victory gain;
But on that bright, eternal morning,
We shall each with Jesus reign.

Faithful Comrade, we shall miss thee,
But our loss is Heaven's gain;
Bye-and-bye with joy we'll greet thee,
Free from sorrow, grief and pain.

L. PENNY, Capt., St. John.

SISTER RUSSEL,

Of Stratford, Has Gone to Rest Her
Mortal.

Thanksgiving morning, with drum muted and flag drooped, we followed her remains to the cemetery. From thence she was taken to Orlina, where a band of Soldiers, headed by Ensign Jones, followed her remains to the Cemetery. At the Memorial Service several spoke of her living with Christ and her triumphant death.—T. B., for Adjutant Hunter.

Mercy at the Last Minute.

Death has again visited our little village and taken from our midst the son of one of our Comrades, Herbert Howard, aged twenty-four years. He was under deep conviction for about a month before he passed away, but he would not give in to the Spirit until he was sick, then he cried mightily to God, and He heard his penitent cry and saved him fully. He died triumphantly. Captain Milson, who was here visiting, visited him constantly during his illness, and conducted the funeral service, which was very impressive. God bless the bereaved father and family—Lieutenant Carter, Odessa.

Dear GRANDMA SMITH Glorified.

Death has visited Windsor, N. S., and taken our dear-loved Comrade Grandma Smith from our ranks.

Our sister was only a few days ill, but oh, she was beautifully ready. Not a doubt or fear clouded her brow. All hindrances were borne right away by the Cleansing Stream, and she was able when conscious to say "Christ is all and in all to me. I am going home. Meet me there."

We gave dear Grandma a real Army funeral, most all the Comrades being able to be present. The services at the house and grave-side were most impressive. We believe hearts were touched and many led to think about the need of being ready as our dear Comrade.

Grandma was such a true Salvationist of many years' standing, always in full uniform, and as she spoke of God's goodness to her, one could not but realize

she was God's Own. We held the Memorial Service in the Barracks on Sunday night. The place was crowded. Several Comrades, who know Grandma best, spoke of her faithfulness and the blessings God had been to them personally. One wanderer returned to the fold. May God bless the bereaved ones in our prayer, and may we be faithful to God and the Army until we, too, will lay down the sword to take up the Crown.—Katie H. Jewer.

ENSIGN CARD Died in India.

From a late London War Cry we learn of the death of Ensign Frem Das (Card), who went to India in 1886. His wife, formerly Captain Greet, of England, has also been called from earth's field of battle to Paradise; both dying with smallpox. They leave two children. This is the second Canadian Officer we have died in India. Captain Mary McLean having died several years ago.

LIZZIE BURT, Herring Neck, Nod., Safe Within the Fold.

"Yes, thank God, Captain, all is well with my soul!" were the words uttered by our beloved comrade, Sister Lizzie Burt, just five minutes previous to her death. "Glory to God!" she said, "I have the clear assurance that I am going home." She many times thanked God for the Army, and often said to me, "Captain, if the Army has not done anything else in this place, it has been the means of saving my soul." During her illness she showed a perfect trust in God and was delighted to talk about Jesus and when the angelic summons came was ready to go. About two minutes before she died she said with me her favorite chorus, "He will hide me," after which she said she was hiding in Him and then went triumphantly through the portals of Glory. We miss her much.—Captain Jas. Jones.

Before the King.

Sister Lima Gumble, a Soldier of the St. Catharines Corps, went to her reward on Monday, December 14th. She suffered much, and was not strong, but was always at her post, when able. She left a bright testimony behind her. She said to me once: "While people have been talking I have been praying, and the Lord has made the path clear." Just before she passed away, she looked up and said, with a laugh, "They're coming! Don't you see them?" and the last word was "Jesus!"

The funeral service was impressive. The Rev. Mr. Casaday, of the Methodist Church, spoke kindly at the house. The Band led the procession to the grave, and we vowed a life of service to God. At the Memorial Service on the following Sunday night we sang several of Linda's favorite songs. Many were in tears, and a most touching service was held.

G. ATTWELL, Ensign.

Two of the GENERAL SECRETARY'S STORIES

Some people, when they go to the penitential-form, just kneel down, shut their eyes, and you can't get a word out of them for the life of you.

I remember hearing of a certain fellow who had been a regular attendant at a certain Barracks for years (and who had sat through meeting after meeting with stolid indifference) coming out to the penitential-form one night. When any one

spoke to him he never answered, but on this particular occasion, while kneeling there, the Sergeant who was dealing with him was very anxious to know now he was settling on. Said he to the man: "Do you understand the plan of Salvation? Are you willing to forsake your sin? Do you believe that Jesus is able and willing to save you? Have you made a full confession of your sins?" To all these questions the man never answered a word. Still the Sergeant was not to be daunted. "Now then, my brother, do you believe God has blotted out your sins?" After these and several other questions, the poor man looked up and answered the Sergeant with these words, "Oh, that's best known to myself." And yet, God saved him.

Some folk are so mighty particular about how people speak. What God wants is a sincere and contrite heart.

I was once at a certain Corps leading some meetings. We had had a grand time. I think there were eight at the penitential-form, when a poor, ragged, dirty-looking woman, unwashed, and uncombed, (and yet weeping bitterly) made her way up the aisle, and fell down at the Mercy Seat. Such a picture of abject misery I hardly ever saw in my life before. Brought up in ignorance, drunkenness, and crime, she had no thought of God, but as she knelt tears streamed down her face as she stared with wild eyes at the book of the seat at which she knelt. "Many hearts ached for her," the Captain knelt by her side, and said: "My good woman, close your eyes and pray." She said, "Why, master, I can't; nobody would tell me how." "Well," said he, "suppose you wanted anything from me, you would know how to ask me for it, wouldn't you?" "Yes," said she, "I would." "Then," he replied, "just make up your mind that you will leave all the wicked things, and places, and people behind, and then when you have done that, just shut your eyes and tell God what you want Him to do, and He'll do it." The poor woman then clasped her hands, closed her eyes, and cried with all her might: "Oh, God, roll this lump off my chest!"

What! What! I was there and heard her, and if you had seen her when she arose from the penitential-form, you would just have thought that a burden had been rolled away, and no mistake!

A NEWFOUNDLAND STORY.

By MAJOR READ.

All the desperadoes and blackguards are not found in the big cities. Brother A. used to be a terrible drunkard before the Army struck P. He nearly lost his life on "the Banks" on one occasion, before he was saved. He, with Brother T, a soldier, was in an open "dory," when a storm came up and drove the boat from their schooner. In a moment

A Huge Wave Upset the Boat.

and the two were struggling together in the trough of the sea. Cool and collected, the Salvationist seized the boat's edge, while Brother A., with pale, wan face, did the same.

Miraculously, they both managed to get into the boat again, but their cars were gone; in fact, nothing was left in the boat but the seats, and they had to paddle four miles to reach another schooner. This is how they paddled: Brother T got one of the seats and went to the bow, while Brother A. secured another board, and going back to the stern, he rested one of the boards on his head, and with the other paddled away, thus pushing the boat along as

best they could. They reached the schooner in safety, and their own vessel soon took them off. Brother A., is now door-keeper, and Brother T a candidate.



"Hello!"
"Hello, what number?"
"444, if you please."
"Hello!"
"Hello! Is that you, War Cry?"
"Yes. Who's speaking?"
"Your old friend, Peck."
"Ha-ha-ha! How are you getting on at Lindsay, Peck?"
"Grand! We are having some beautiful times."
"That so? Do you get many people to the hall during the week?"
"Certainly! Our crowds are very good, taking everything into consideration."
"Glad to hear it. Who are you with?"
"Adjutant and Mrs. Andrews. I suppose you know he's a bonnie Scotchman?"
"Yes, he's a fine fellow."
"Are you getting any souls saved?"
"Yes, praise God! We have been here a little over a week, and we have seen six backsliders return. Glory to God! Yes, and one of them is an ex-leitnant. He used to be stationed here at one time."
"Good! And how are you keeping yourself, Peck?"
"Splendid, thank you! Never was better in my soul before."
"Hallelujah! Is there anything special taking place?"
"Anything special? Why, yes. All right, Adjutant, excuse me Major, they are calling me for dinner. I'll ring you up again by-and-bye."
"Good-bye."

The SAM SORTER Co.

Several contributions referring to Self-Denial victories are being held over for the Special Thanksgiving Self-Denial issue.

HANDY, Portage in Prairie.—Don't know tune of "The Jolly Old Sailor Has Been to Sea." Can you send us the music of it?

O. F. J. S., Sussex.—"Without human help God can do nothing," you say. God can do just as He pleases either with or without human help. Balance of paragraphs acceptable. Thanks.

SECRETARY CASEIN.—"Thoughts for God" acceptable, but crowded out for lack of space. Stay your hand for a while.

CHARLES DICKER.—Your eight verses on "The Good Old Salvation Army," while being very good, contains many hard knocks against another religious organization, which we do not think it is the mission of the War Cry to attack, so we reluctantly throw the whole thing overboard.

CAPTAIN FRED H. BLOSS.—Regret to say that "The Spirit of Prophecy" is crowded out.

MRS. CREIG, Chatham, N. B.—According to the instructions received with your poem, we are inserting the same, but please don't send any more than two or three verses at a time in future; eight verses like these take up as much space as we can allow in four Cris.

BEN NORMAN.—"What wait we for" crowded out, and not of sufficient interest.

CAPTAIN GEO. ELLIOTT.—"Has the Life Gone Out?" We have more of this kind of matter than we can find space for, so we are compelled to reject yours. If you could write a brief story of some soldier's life, and bring out the lesson in that way, we might accept the same.

DAVID ANGUS.—"Army Colors" Captain Campbell; H. G. S.; J. D. Diberdale; George Duffey; Lieutenant Austin; Henry M. Lamson; "All the World," and Edward Kenair. Your songs are rejected because they are faulty in rhythm, or rhyme, or the tunes are not sufficiently familiar to our congregation, or the poetry has not sufficient vigor in it to make them worth placing before the public.

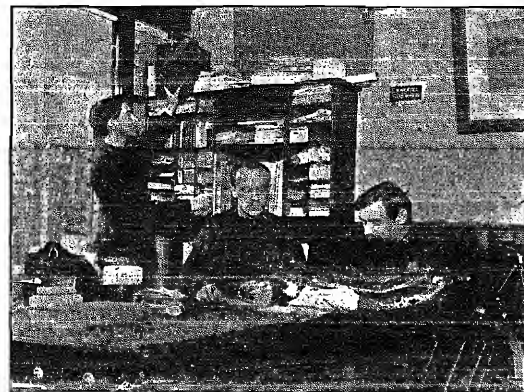
NELLIE SMITH, Peterboro.—Can you send us the music of "Dark-Eyed Sailor" to go with your song?

MRS. R. PARSONS.—A brand plucked from the burning" is rejected on account of not being of sufficient interest.

CAPTAIN F. K.—No, we haven't heard about the Soldier who while on his knees in the Barracks went to sleep and was aroused by his nose coming in contact with the seat." Send us his photo and name to go with our collection of curiosities.

"The War Cry is getting better. God bless you in all your efforts."

Yours in Him,
KATIE H. JEWER."



The Trade Secretary's Office.

HALLELUJAH HARMONIES

—AND—

Songs for Saints and Sinners.

SALVATION.

Saviour, I Know Thou Lovest Me.

Tunes.—Dear Heart, I Find We're Growing Old; or, Kiss Me, and I'll Go to Sleep; O, Take Me Back Again, Kathleen.

1 Saviour, I come to Thee just now,
Weary, and sad, and sick of sin;
Unlock the chains that bind my heart
And let Thy Spirit enter in.
I cannot rest, I cannot rest,
This load of sin's so hard to bear;
Come in, come in, Thou Heavenly Guest,
And live, and dwell forever there.

Chorus.

Saviour, I know Thou lovest me,
Thy precious Blood was shed for me;
I'm, oh! so weak, unworthy still,
Yet, Lord, I know Thou lovest me.

Saviour, I know that on the Cross
Thy precious Blood was shed for me;
Oh, wash me, cleanse me from all sin,
Thou Lamb of God, I come to Thee!
I cannot, cannot, cannot rest,
Unless Thou all my sins remove;
Come in, come in, Thou Heavenly Guest,
And let me feel a Saviour's love.

Oh, God: I cannot let Thee go!
My heart is weary, sad and lone;
Make me what'er Thou wouldst have me
be.

Thy will, oh God, Thy will be done!
I cannot, cannot, will not rest,
Until from guilt and sin set free;
I'm, oh, so weak, unworthy still,
Yet, Lord, I know Thou lovest me.

—By the late Miss J. Graham, Lindsay,
Ont., author of "Life's Morn Will soon
Be Waning."

Not To-Night.

Tune.—I Have Heard of a Saviour's Love.

2 When I hear sinners say, "Not to-
night!"
If asked to decide for their God,
I think of the numbers in hell
Who now are lamenting that word.

Chorus.

Praise the Lord!
There's salvation for all who will come
To the Cross!
In Heaven there's plenty of room.

Yes, in hell there are millions to-day
Who might have been brought to the
light,
If they'd not said, when asked to decide,
"Yes, some other time—not to-night!"

No repentance or tears will avail,
Once the river of death has been
crossed;
When you find that your soul is in hell,
Then you are eternally lost.

How dreadful the anguish and woe,
The sorrow, remorse and despair,
Which those who were warned, but are
lost,
Must endure! Oh, sinner, beware!

Jesus offers free pardon to all
Who trust in the soul-cleansing blood;
Come, plunge in the Fountain to-day,
Come, now, make your peace with your
God!

—Lizzie Little.

Tune.—Bringing In the Sheaves.

3 Jesus Christ our Saviour come in
in pity tender,
Come to seek the lost ones who in
sin did stray;
Out upon the mountains went He to the
rescue,
Heeding not the storms that swept the
narrow way.

Old Chorus.—Jesus fully saves.

Though He saw the sorrows, cruel blows
and railings,
Saw the crown of thorns and Calvary's
rugged tree;
Yet with heart of pity He longed to save
the wanderer,
Freely gave His life to ransom you and
me.

Come, oh come to Jesus, He's waiting to
receive you,
Cast aside your sins and seek His face
to-day;
He will love you freely, will pardon your
transgressions,
Plunge into the Fountain, enter while
you may.

L. M. C. Clark's Harbor.

BACKSLIDERS.

Tune.—Bring Back My Bonnie to Me.

4 My Saviour is waiting in Glory,
Just over the bright crystal sea;
My Saviour so sweetly is calling,
Is calling, dear sinner, for Thee.

Chorus.

Come back, come back,
Jesus is calling for thee;
Come back, come back,
Oh, come back, He's calling for thee.

Perhaps thou wert once following Jesus,
Perhaps for His cause you once stood;
But still He doth love thee so dearly,
Come, wash in the Sin-Cleansing Flood.

Each day as afor thou hast wandered,
Each day as afor thou hast strayed;
Thy Saviour, in gentle compassion,
Has still thy just sentence delayed.

Oh, why put it off till to-morrow?
You'll surely go deeper in sin;
Oh, why will you foster and grieve Him?
My Jesus will help you to win.

Oh, fly to Him now while there's mercy,
Oh, fly to Him now while there's room;
The Blood of my Saviour so precious,
Thou Blood for thy guilt will atone.

—Captain David Smith, Bermuda, and
L. M. C.

HOLINESS.

Oh, When?—Just Now.

Tunes.—I Have Heard of a Saviour's
Love, B. J. 3, 2; Almighty to Save,
B. J. 21; The Cross Now Covers, B.
J. 30, 2; We shall Win, B. J. 23, 1.

5 Oh, when shall my soul find her
rest,
My strugglings and wrestlings be
o'er?

My heart, by my Saviour possessed,
By feasting and sinning no more.

Now search and try me, O Lord,
Now, Jesus, give ear to my cry;
—See! I'm ~~struggling~~ to Thy Word,
My soul to my Saviour draws nigh.

My idols I cast at Thy feet,
My all I return Thee, Who gave;
This moment the work is complete,
For Thou art almighty to save.

O Saviour, I dare to believe,
Thy blood for my cleansing I see;
And, asking in faith, I receive;
Salvation, full, present, and free.

O Lord, I shall now comprehend
Thy mercy, so high and so deep;
And long shall my praises ascend,
For Thou art almighty to keep.

EXPERIENCE.

Tune.—The Maple Leaf.

6 I'm thinking of the old, sad days
when I followed Satan's ways;
And cared not for the Saviour Who
for sinners bled and died.

The Cross had no attraction, or the Blood
that flowed so freely,
To save my guilty, sin-stained soul and
make me fit for Heaven.

Chorus.

Thou Blood has never lost its power to
save poor, guilty sinners.

'Tis flowing freely every hour, the pre-
cious Blood of Jesus,
My soul grew weary of its load, and longed
to find that blood above.

Where in God's love all who obey, for-
ever more shall dwell.
No help seemed near, my voice to cheer,
or lift my soul to Heaven;

Until a Voice said, soft and low, "For
you My life was given."

'Twas Jesus' voice, I felt its power, and
from my soul that very hour,
The darkness fled, with all my sin, and
Heaven gave me light.

And by God's grace I'll live each day
to tell to every sinner
That in a mansion bright and fair we
all may live forever.

Sergt. Katie Allen, Kingston, Ont.

WATERLOO, N.D.

We find Ensign Mackenzie here three
days, Lantern service Monday night.
The house was packed and we had good
order. We can sing, "Oh! it's getting
better, Glory in my soul!" Praise God,
we are having victory.—K. Grieve.

Not the World, but Jesus.

Tunes.—Just Before the Battle, Mother,
B. J. 157; Always Cheerful, B. J. 43;
I Will Follow Thee, B. J. 2; Kiss Me,
Mother, Kiss Your Darling, or, In
the Gloomings.

7 Is it gold—so loved by many,
That my soul can satisfy?
Is it pleasure, such as always
By this world is prized so high?
As of yore, is my desire
To do naught but seek my ease;
Do I for the flesh seek comfort,
Which is found so soon to cease?

Chorus.

Jesus, Jesus, precious Saviour,
Thou art all in all to me;
And I know no other comfort,
But, oh Lord, to follow Thee.

Is it fame—the world's desire,
That I daily seek to gain?
Do I toil, and work, and labor,
For naught else but what is vain?

Ah, this life is but a dream,
Only for a moment seen;
Do I seek to mark on memory,
That a man of fame I've been?

Nay! 'Tis only my desire
To do that which pleases God;
For I, too, am of that number
Who are washed in Jesus' Blood.

Go, O God, with all the pleasure,
All thy idle fading toys;
Jesus Christ, my loving Saviour,
Holds my everlasting joys.

—Cann. Krieger, Edmonton, N. W. T.

MISSING

To Parents, Relations and Friends:

We will search for missing or runaway
relatives in any part of the globe; be-
friended, or assist, if possible, wronged
girls, women or children, or any person
in difficulty. Address, COMMISSIONER
EVA BOUTH, 16 Albert Street, Toronto,
Canada, and mark "Enquiry" on the en-
velope.

If possible, send fifty cents to defray
a part of the expenses.

We will be glad if our Officers, Soldiers
and friends will look through the Missing
Columns regularly, and if they see any
cases which they could help us with, we
would be pleased if they would do so.

132. GEORGE DAVIES, Age 15. Was
with Dr. Barnardo five years. Went away
about 11 months ago. Last known ad-
dress Care H. B. Owens, Esq., 24 Far-
ley Avenue, Toronto, Canada. Father en-
quires.

133. JOHN BARKOW, Age 15. This
lad's mother is very anxious to get him
home. Not been heard of since 1887.
His address was then Care Mr. C. Jonsson,
Chesapeake, P. O., Ontario, Canada.
Mother enquires.

134. THOMAS VALENTINE RUSHER,
Age 15. Blue eyes; fair complexion,
light brown hair. Native of Newport,
Isle of Wight. Last heard of Care Mr.
J. Fiddle, County of Essex, Fairfield E.
O., West Ontario, Canada. Formerly be-
longed to Dr. Barnardo's home, Farley
Avenue, Toronto. Not been heard of for
12 months. Mother, Mrs. C. Risher, en-
quires.

135. JOHN FAIRMAN, Age 16 or 17; 5
ft. 8 in.; very dark complexion, very cur-
ly hair. Came to Canada in 1883. Last
heard of was working with a Mr. Henry
Fitzpatrick. Daughter, Catherine Farran,
enquires.

136. JAMES ALBERT WHEELER,
Age 4; 5 ft. 6 in.; light blue eyes; dark
auburn hair. When last heard of six
years ago was working at McOmmond's
livery stables, 22 and 21 Jamaica Street,
Winnipeg, Canada. John Barnett enquires
on behalf of mother, who is very ill.

137. CAMPBELL, FAMILY, Georgina,
Helen, Susan and Mary Campbell. One is
married. They were sent out by Dr. Bar-
nardo in 1888 or 1889. Supposed to be in
Montreal. Brother, R. N. Campbell, en-
quires.

138. SAMUEL THOS. GEO. MORRIS
and Clara Charlotte Morris. Age, 13 and
11; both fair. Went to St. Paner's
School, Leavenworth, Green. Supposed
to have been sent out to Canada from there.
Mother enquires.

139. CHARLOTTE SHERRIK. Went
out to Montreal, 1888. Supposed to have
married a man named Walden. Last
heard of was in July, 1888. Sister, Alice
Skinner, enquires.

140. JAMES HENRY GUEST, Age, 13
or 14. Was sent out from Dr. Barnardo's
about seven years ago. Sister, Alice Bird,
enquires.

141. LOUISE and ELIZABETH JANE
MORRIS, of Le. England 1882 for Miss
McPherson's Home, Peterborough, On-
tario. Last heard of March, 1887. Brother
John Morgan enquires.

142. FREDERICK JAMES KNOWLES,
Age, 22; 5 ft. 8 in.; sallow complexion,

dark brown hair; mustache. Father,
card-maker, Left England March 1882.
Sailed in the "Yankee" to Winnipeg.
Landed safely in Montreal. Not be-
heard of since. Wife, F. M. Knowles, en-
quires.

143. WILLIAM PEARCE, Age 22;
5 ft. 8 in. Native of Shropshire, Eng-
land. Last heard of was in some livery sta-
bles, Toronto. Mother enquires.

144. JOHN DOTLE, Roman Catholic.
Last heard of at Port Caldwell, Ontario.
Was then working for the Canadian Pa-
cific Railway Co. Brother, Martin Dotle,
enquires.

145. CHARLES LAMONT, Left home
16 years ago. Served 8 years in the Amer-
ican Army. Was discharged in 1881 while
stationed at Fort Assiniboine, Montana.
Employed for some time by Mackinac
& Co., in Big Sandy, Montana. Brother,
John Lamont, Springfield, N. S., enquires.

146. WILLIAM MCCORMACK, of Lon-
don, England. Was last heard of at Sal-
vation Army Light House, 13 Cam-
den Street, Montreal. Any one knowing his
whereabouts, please write "Enquiry."

147. GEORGE FREDERICK or FRED
PEARSON, Left Peterboro, Ontario,
about sixteen years ago. Last heard
from was living either at Corning, Cal-
ifornia, or near there in September, 1881.
His brother is very anxious to know if
his whereabouts. Address, Alfred E.
Pearson, Peterboro, Ontario. Canada.
American and Australian Crys please
copy.

148. BRYON. WALTER COLLINS,
21 years of age; 5 ft. 10 in. in height;
weight, about 164 lbs.; black hair, hazel
brown eyes. Last heard of was in 1881,
when living at North Vancouver, B.C.,
was then attending the North-Western
College, Rev. J. Cummings, D. D., L. L.
B., President. Address, John M. Collins,
Richard's Landing, Algonquin, Ont.

149. JOHN EDWIN MATH. Age, 22
years. When last heard of seven years
ago was living in Duluth, Minnesota. His
mother is anxious to know of his where-
abouts. Address, Mrs. M. Math, Peter-
boro, Ont. American Crys please copy.

Coming Events.

MRS. MAJOR READS

proposed tour in the North-West Pro-
vince: Port Arthur, Jan. 6th; Port Wil-
liam, 7th; Travelling, 8th; Winnipeg,
9th, 10th, to Jan. 12th; Prerage in Wis-
sota, 13th; Grafton, 14th; Grand Forks,
15th, 16th, 17th; Fargo, 18th; Wahpeton,
19th; Valley City, 20th, 21st; Jamestown,
22nd, 23rd; Bismarck, 24th; Mandan, 25th.

The Light Brigade Provincial Agents

Appointments.

EAST ONTARIO PROVINCE.

CAPTAIN SIMS (with Lantern) will
visit Ottawa, 11th, 12th; Amperth, 13th,
14th; Pembroke, 15th, 16th; Renfrew,
18th, 19th; Perth, 20th, 21st, 22nd.

NORTH-WEST PROVINCE.

ENSIGN MACKENZIE (with Lantern)
will visit: Morden, 6th, 7th, 8th; Win-
nipeg, 9th, 10th, 11th; Neepawa, 12th, 13th;
Minnedosa, 14th; Radium City, 15th; Bra-
don, 16th, 17th, 18th; Metchum, 19th, 20th,
21st.

EASTERN PROVINCE.

ENSIGN PERRY (with Lantern) will
visit: Spring Hill, 7th, 8th; Amherst,
9th, 10th; Sackville, 11th; Sussex, 12th;
Pembroke, 13th; Carletonville, 14th;
Hillsboro, 15th, 16th; Albert, 17th; Mon-
cton, 18th; Chatham, 19th; Newmarket,
20th; Campbellton, 21st, 22nd.

NOTE: A SPECIAL JUNIORS' AND
BAND OF LOVE MEETING IS CON-
DUCTED AT 6 p.m. BY EACH P. A.
PREVIOUS TO THE SENIOR LAN-
TERN SERVICE. ADMISSION, 2 CENTS.
BAND OF LOVE MEMBERS FREE.

BOHEMIAN, Mont.

Hallelujah to Jesus! We are marching
on to victory. Just got fixed up in our
new hall. No time to say farewell to B.
but we believe the Lord is leading each
of us Amen and glory! At farewell meet-
ing two souls sought and found the
blessed Saviour, both good cases—Cap-
tain Black.

KILIS CITY.

We are thanking God for the ray of
sunshine He has given us. Sunday night
very good meeting. One farewell re-
turns home, proving that the birds
were too hard to live on. The way of
peace is so much better. Sinner, be-
liever, "Come Home!" Jesus wants you.
Waiting for you.—M. A. W. and C. H.

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bert Street, Toronto.

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